

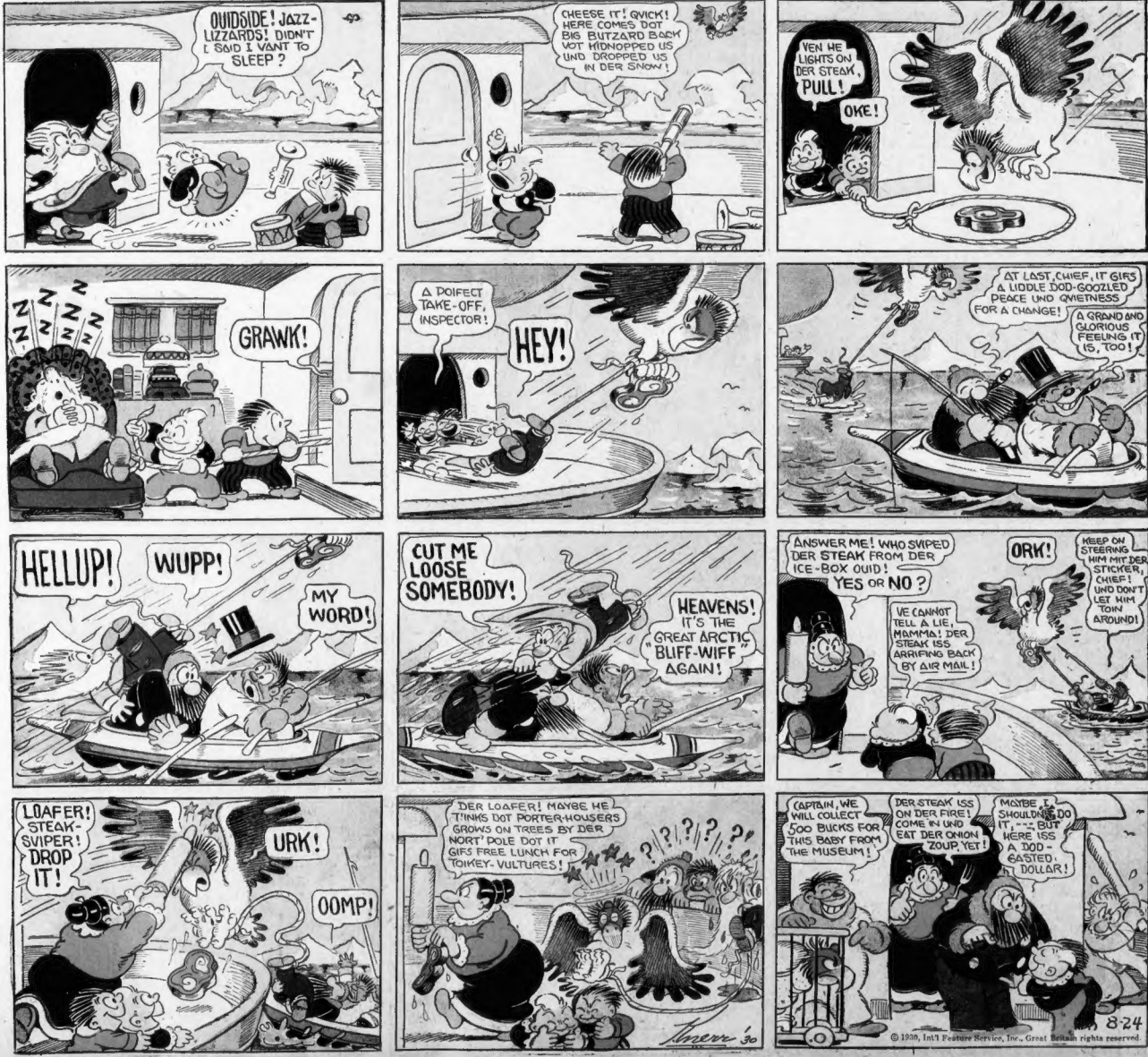
**DINGLE-HOOFER
UND HIS DOG
ADOLPH
BY KNERR**

WHILE WE LEAVE DINGY CHASING THE MONKEY, LET'S GET BACK TO ADOLPH AND THE "FAT LADY."
POOR LITTLE ADOLPH MISSES DINGY TERRIBLY, BUT THE FAT LADY DOESN'T KNOW WHAT AILS HIM!



The Katzenjammer Kids

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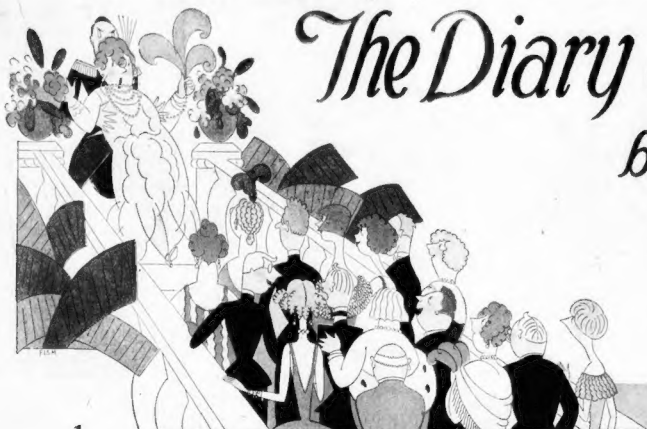


THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

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1

MRS. TUMWATER decided to give two receptions, inviting at first all those in the New York Social Register whose names began with the first half of the alphabet, and second those whose names began with K to Z. She beamed all over when she saw the crowds thronging up the reception stairs. But soon it dawned on her that 98 per cent weren't EITHER half. She nearly swooned in the butler's arms.

2

THE second reception was better and in a way a bit of a triumph. Mrs. Tumwater took James Q.'s advice and bought a list of Social Register eligibles, who might come even out of curiosity, from a former secretary of a fashionable dowager. Two hundred and fifty were invited and quite a few came. Mrs. Tumwater made the mistake of rushing forward to greet several who looked a little "blue blooded" and ritzier than the others. I saw this from the dressing-room door and got the butler to whisper to her always to stay in the same spot and remain composed—vivacious and nonchalant.



3 SEVERAL gate crashers got in. Around supper time I overheard Mr. Tumwater tell an old crony of his that they ought to have a bouncer. But James, Jr., whispered to his mother that they were just hungry students from Harvard, Yale and Princeton, who usually had to get their meals from fraternity houses. So she let them gorge and guzzle. They seemed to be more parched than hungry.

4 MISS DORIS and Miss Vera spotted two young men with Sigma Chi pins, so they knew they must be very blue blooded, and they took them to a sheltered corner of the conservatory. Doris is very jolly and Vera really has a stunning figure, and with some coaching from me will dress to set it off before long. They taught the boys a new dance, the Scandal Wiggle they called it.

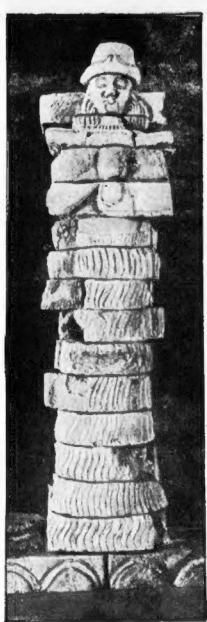


5

MRS. TUMWATER rang for breakfast and the papers before 9 o'clock after the reception. She has a new contrivance in the gym—she calls it her torture chamber—now. She buries herself to the chin in a bath of brown clay and milk, and has me bake it nearly solid, and then I have to turn on the steam until it looks as if she were drowning in a bowl of porridge. I keep one eye on the temperature gauge, one on the scales, and read the Society page to her by instinct... 141 pounds 6 ounces; that's the best news yet.

(To Be Continued)

Surprising 3000-Year Old Art From the Land of Nimrod



A Statue From Which Water Flows Down in Wavy Lines. This Piece of Art Found at Uruk Represents a Female Deity and Has Been Reconstructed From Fragments.

As far back as 1852 archaeologists dug their spades and pickaxes into the soil which covers the ancient Biblical city of Erech, later



A Beautifully Wrought Stone Figure of a Couchant Bull Uncovered on the Ancient Site.

called Uruk, and, more recently known by the name of Warka. Warka is in Iraq, not far from the City of Ur. Again, in 1912, scientists sought relics of an old civilization on the site, and once more in 1928, but it is only recently that a German archaeological expedition, headed by Dr. Julius Jordan, succeeded in unearthing some really surprising treasures buried on the site.

Perhaps the most interesting discovery of the diggers is the figure of a god, fashioned of burnt brick, and reproduced on this page. This curious idol, which seems to be wearing a face of modern design, was found in a wall niche in one of the towering sides of a temple erected to the goddess Ishtar. The entire figure was only a little less than life-size, and was made in several sections, or layers, of brick.

archaeologists to surmise that it was, at times, used as a fortress as well as a place of a religious worship.

The ancient temple contains many different kinds of stone which seems to have been used by builders in several different eras. This leads the excavators to believe that the building is the last of several similar edifices which were destroyed in the course of long-forgotten wars waged in that part of the ancient world.

The temple stands today little more than a stark and crumbling ruin, but the handwork of its builders is plain to see, and stamps them as men highly skilled in the laying of stone. The foundations of the temple are as sound as when they were laid hundreds of centuries ago.

The excavations at Uruk are particularly interesting because the original city erected on the site (Erech) is supposed to have been built by Nimrod, who is referred to in the Bible, and has come down through the ages as the world's first famous hunter. Aside from his prowess with the bow and the spear, Nimrod seems to have been a builder of cities and the ruler of a great dominion. According to ancient lore, the beginning of his kingdom was Babel, Erech, the site where the German scientists found so many treasures.

Accad and Calneh. Apparently Nimrod had a lust for power, for after he had established these cities he went to Assyria and built no less a metropolis of the ancient world than Nineveh, and several other lesser communities. Some scholars hold that Nimrod is a mythical character, and that no man possibly could have achieved all the works attributed to the "mighty hunter," but others are of the opinion that Nimrod was a real person, else



Figure of a God in Burnt Brick Relief Found at Uruk. It Wears a Curiously Modern Hat With a Horned Brim.

his name would not be mentioned three times in the Bible.

A partial translation of some of the inscriptions on the wealth of clay tablets found amidst the ruins of the temple at Uruk indicates that the city and surrounding country was settled earlier than 3000 B. C., by a people highly talented in art, more especially in the making of statues and pottery in burnt brick. The site has not been entirely uncovered yet, and the archae-



This Clay Figurine Was Among the Interesting Ones of the F. W. Unbroken Relics to Be dug Up. The Figure Is Attired in a Flounced Skirt and Beaded Headress.

ologists are confident that their shovels will yield many more treasures to throw light on the vague and incomplete history of that part of the Old World.

Nurse Becomes Actress—Actress Deserts Stage for Nursing



"Miss Sulochana." Formerly a Nurse in India. Who, Because of Her Extraordinary Beauty and Talent, Has Been Elevated to the Helms of Movie Stardom and Is Known Now as Calcutta as Miss Ruby Meyers.

IT'S no longer front-page news when some obscure but good-looking shop girl, stenographer or cloak model leaves the drab cocoon of her humdrum existence and emerges as a glittering star of the films. But it is news when an actress of the studios or the stage goes astride and gives up a successful career behind the footlights or before the Kleig lights to take up some less glamorous and less profitable calling.

By a strange coincidence, a former nurse has just burst into the limelight as one of the most popular film stars in India, and a comely young woman, offered a contract to be glorified by Flo Zeigfeld, tossed the coveted paper into the wastebasket and decided to devote her life to easing the sufferings of her fellow humans in the role of trained nurse.

The nurse-gone-movie-star who served in several of India's largest hospitals, was known simply as "Miss Sulochana" when an executive of a motion picture producing company with studios in Calcutta "discovered" her. This man went to the hospital to have a minor wound dressed and was so impressed with the beauty and the charming manner of "Miss Sulochana" that he suggested she come to the studio on her next day off and take a series of pictures.

The test proved highly successful and, before she left the movie lot to return to her patients, "Miss Sulochana" had put her name to a contract by which the film company agreed to pay her a salary that seemed little short of fabulous to her. Within a week, the nurse had doffed her neat white uniform and cap and was installed at the studio learning the art of registering emotion before the clicking camera. She was a surprisingly apt pupil and was declared by the director to be a natural actress. It was decided to cast her in leading roles from the start, and her first picture was hailed by critics and moviegoers as a triumph of characterization.

Today, "Miss Sulochana"—known to film fans all over India as Ruby Meyers—has three box-office hits to her credit and has been given a new contract which brings her more money in a month than she could have made in two years of nursing.

The actress-gone-nurse is Miss Yvonne Paradis, of New York City whose success in amateur theatricals inspired her to go on the stage as a professional. Being both beautiful and talented, Miss Paradis had no trouble in securing a try-out before the men who select the young blondes, brunettes and Titians who are glorified every year in Ziegfeld productions.

Arranged in a trim pair of velvet "shorts" and a close-fitting jersey, the would-be stage star walked back and forth across the stage. She danced a tap dance, executed a graceful ballet movement, talked and sang. The pickers of palchitude found her good to look at and listen to and informed her that she must, if she wished, put her name on the dotted line of a contract that, if they were any judges of musical comedy material, eventually would put her in the fortunate company of Broadway stars.

She was about the happiest girl in Manhattan and she left the theatre visioning her name twinkling among the lights of the Gay White Way.

What changed Yvonne's mind, no one except herself knows, but soon after her successful try-out, she boarded a steamer bound for San Francisco where she planned to pay a visit to some old friends.

Perhaps it was some episode that happened during the voyage down the Atlantic Coast, through the Panama Canal and up the Pacific Coast to San Francisco. Perhaps, as some of her friends have guessed, she felt that she should plan her life along less selfish lines and seek happiness in a calling of genuine usefulness to her fellow-men. Possibly, for all the soaring words of the men who assist in the glorifying of American girls, Yvonne came to doubt that she was headed for fame and fortune and could not bear the thought of making a half-way success. She knew many girls whose bright dreams of stardom on Broadway had gone glimmering after several years of hard, not-too-profitable, work in the chorus.

Whatever was back of her almost unprecedented decision, Miss Paradis, to the consternation of her friends and others, announced that she had decided that she does not want to be glorified, that she does not want to be a star, and that she had made up her mind to return to New York and enter the Roosevelt Training College for Nurses.

Kind and well-meaning friends tried to dissuade her from what they called her "sacrifice." They painted alluring pictures of the fame and fortune that awaited her if she made a hit in musical comedy. They cited the names of a score of chorus girls who are now stars of the stage and screen and reminded her that the talkies are opening new and profitable vistas for pretty young women who can dance and sing and act. But Yvonne's ears were deaf to their arguments. Whether she seems foolish or not, to reject a promising stage career she's decided to be a nurse. And that, apparently, is that.



Miss Yvonne Paradis, Actress, Who Has Spurred an Offer From the Ziegfeld Theatrical interests and Will Enter a Training College for Nurses.

Killed by 3 Hours in Torture House

MORE than a few stories have been told of the cruelty and abuse that prisoners suffer in the convict camps of the South, but none of them has stirred the ire of the public as has the recent account of the death of a man named J. A. Marshall, who lived just three short hours after being locked in the box-like torture-house shown on this page.

This wooden niche, in which an ordinary-sized man cannot move, once he is imprisoned within it, is called the "sweet box," and is used to punish prisoners who, for one reason or another, break the strict regulations of the convict camp in Jefferson County, Alabama.

Marshall, according to his relatives and acquaintances, was not the criminal type and had the respect of everyone until he was sentenced to a term at the convict camp on a charge of petty larceny. He was a big fellow, weighing 172 pounds, and young—only 38 years old.

His room was just about large enough to hold his body and when the door was locked he was unable to move. His arms were pinned tightly to his sides and the only way that he could hope to breathe was by his face as close as possible to two-inch holes bored in the narrow door of the torture cell—called "sweet box" by the prisoners—at about the height of a man's eyes.

Apparently the amount of air that the prisoner could get through these tiny openings was not enough to keep him alive, and three hours after guards locked him in the chamber that is as inhuman as the torture of the instruments of torture which were a part of the medieval Spanish Inquisition, he was dead. No one knew Marshall had succumbed until about two hours after his death when the prison doctor opened the door of the "sweet box" and found the prisoner's body wedged tightly against its side.

The death of this man, serving time for a minor offense against society, has aroused the Southerners to investigate the manner in which its convict camps are run and the methods used to chastise prisoners.



The Chain Gang "Sweet Box" in the Convict Camp, Jefferson County, Alabama, Where J. A. Marshall Succumbed After Being Locked Inside It for Three Hours.

Slaves Who Don't Want Freedom

ALTHOUGH the British government legally abolished slavery in its colonies more than a hundred years ago, a recent survey showed that there is an actual increase in the number of slaves in the English dependencies of Southwest Africa, especially in British Bechuanaland and Rhodesia. This condition is no fault of the British government or of its officials in charge of affairs in the Dark Continent. It is the fault of the slaves themselves who prefer being the property of masters to being free individuals.

One high British official in Rhodesia summed up the strange situation in these words: "Slavery will never be abolished in part of the world until some means of support can be found for thousands of natives who have never had to fend for themselves in their lives, who are entirely lacking in initiative and who seem to be helpless unless they can work for someone who provides them with food. As free individuals they appear to be helpless and would starve to death if it were not for the masters for whom they willingly work."

In its efforts to wipe out the sup-

posed evil of slavery in Africa, the British government recently tried the plan of paying masters for their slaves in order that the black bondmen and bondwomen might be released of their obligations to labor for any particular master. But this altruistic scheme failed to work. Within a few weeks after their liberation almost every one of several hundred ex-slaves had drifted back into slavery in the Dark Continent. They seemed incapable of shifting for themselves and begged to be made slaves again because they were hungry.

Under present conditions slavery in Africa seems not to be the cruel, unsocial thing that it is usually pictured, and the British Government points out that it can't solve the problem until the time comes when ignorant natives prefer freedom to working for someone who is bound to keep them from starving. A state of slavery is almost instinctive in the minds of thousands of African blacks and they do not feel they are being abused because they are the property of some white master, but they are so used to slavery that they feel so dear by more civilized peoples.

Miss Duncan had a right to be in- King can do no

A black and white portrait of a woman with short, curly hair, wearing a light-colored, sleeveless top and a necklace. She is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The image is framed by a dark, circular border.

one punched it—not yet. The bone had been excavated so its owner could in-

the morning the papers learned that such was the fact and reporters went to the hospital.

"Well, Miss Duncan had to have the keys so she followed. Mr. Farrow was

lops that she had already suffered.

Duncan had to have the
owed. Mr. Farrow was

...and reporters went
...Well, M
...keys so she
...ferred.

followed. Mr. Farrow was tops (back)

Elite Family and Pets in Life-Size Sculpture, America's Strangest Graveyard Memorial

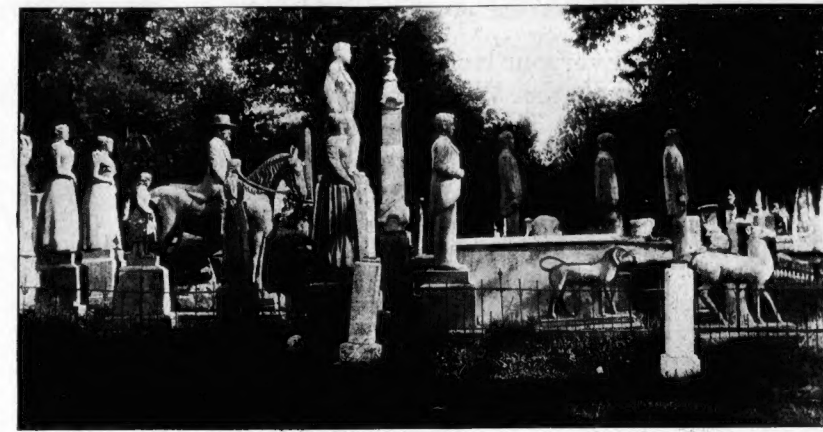
H. G. WOOLDRIDGE, one-time citizen of Mayfield, Ky., was a prideful man. More than anything else he was proud of his ancestors and his contemporary kin, and next to his family he loved the little Bluegrass country community where he lived the life of a country gentleman, although his modest fortune made it necessary for him to alternate riding to hounds with occasional ventures into business.

Some years before he died he set aside the sum of \$5,000 to be spent in a tangible and enduring expression of his pride in his people and his home town. And before he went to his grave he saw his idea materialized in many statues that stand, today, as the strangest graveyard memorial in America.

Oddly enough, the mortal remains of Wooldridge rest alone beneath an impressive array of sculptures that include, beside two statues of himself, graven likenesses of his father, three sisters, four brothers, two nieces, two hunting dogs and a deer. The relatives whom he memorialized are buried in various other places about the country.

Wooldridge was a man of ideas and actions and a few weeks after he had conceived the idea of the unusual memorial he conferred with several sculptors capable of doing the job he had in mind and finally arranged for one of them to set to work on the ambitious task. The region about Mayfield is rich in limestone quarries and there was little doubt that the memorial at a reasonable price, sufficient raw material for the undertaking.

Before the actual work of chiseling the statues began, Wooldridge had gathered a wealth of material concerning the appearance and activities of his ancestors. Faded photographs provided the models for certain of the monuments, but in other cases the sculptor had to depend on written de-



scriptions of the individuals as set down in yellowed letters and documents which formed part of the history of the proud Wooldridges. It may have been that "H. G." had a bit of vanity in his make-up, for he stipulated that the graveyard should contain two statues of himself, one a full figure standing erect, and the other attired in his favorite hunter, "Pop." These monuments are not like all the others, of limestone, but of Italian marble.

When the time came to carve the

H. G. Wooldridge of Mayfield, Kentucky, Had These Sculptures of His Ancestors and Members of His Family. Pets Made to Form What Is Undoubtedly the Strangest Memorial in America. The Group Stands in Maplewood Cemetery in Mayfield. The Statues Are of Himself, His Three Sisters, Two Nieces, His Father, Four Brothers, Dogs and a Deer.

figures of Wooldridge himself, the proud gentleman gave the sculptor detailed instructions, and spent much time watching his own likenesses in stone grow beneath the chisel and the hammer. In the standing statue, for instance, the original of the work insisted that one of his hands should

allow certain liberties with facial features extended in an attitude of benediction, and he supervised such details as the bend of the legs and the crease of the trousers. He wanted that statue to be right, and he saw no reason why it shouldn't be. In the case of some of his ancestors the sculptor was

oppressed, because good working likenesses were not available, but with the statues of "H. G." there could be no excuse for artistic license.

During the days when the equestrian statue of Wooldridge was being carved the old gentleman spent much of his time in the company of the sculptor, "Pop," the mount on which he was to die, had died many years before, but his master remembered the contour of every portion of the beast, and he wanted no inaccuracies cut into the memorial. He saw to it that the sad-

dle in which he sat was fashioned exactly along the lines of the saddle in which he so often cantered and galloped over the hills and valleys of his native heath.

Besides the two marble figures of himself, the plot in which Wooldridge is buried is crowded by the statues of ten of his kin, his two favorite hunting dogs and a deer which made its home in the woods of the Wooldridge estate. All of the statues were in the same direction and seem to be walking in silent, austere procession toward some happy, unearthly Valhalla.

The sisters of Wooldridge stand stiffly in a row like a triumvirate of stolid graces of the pioneer days. Their names are Susan, Narcissa and Minerva. All of them were born in the early 1800's, and their modest, staid bespeaks that period. Their backs are as straight as a ramrod, and their capable looking hands are folded demurely, as though their work was done and they were calmly awaiting the coming of the next domestic task.

Standing in front of the trio of sisters are the cold, stern likenesses of two nieces, Maude and Minnie by name. Apparently these relatives of H. G. Wooldridge were possessed of the proud spirit of the clan, for their young faces are of calm, serious mien.

The four brothers, whose chiseled likenesses surround the figure of the man on horseback, may have looked very much alike in life, if the sculptor reproduced them faithfully, for it is difficult to see of them from another. All of them have the same aristocratic poise, and their suits seem to have been cut by the same tailor.

The Wooldridge graveyard—which is really the burial place of one man and an open-air sculpture gallery of his kin and pets—is visited by many curious visitors every year, but the superstitious natives of Mayfield avoid the place because of weird tales that in the dark of the moon, the stone figures seem to move and whisper among themselves.

Saved Her Famous Family From Poverty

THE sad plight of the famous Strauss family of Vienna is one of the most pitiful tragedies born of the suffering and privation which followed in the wake of the World War. Too proud to accept financial help from their friends who were able and willing to help them, the descendants of Johann Strauss the Elder have lived in want and obscurity in Vienna, refusing to bring disgrace to that celebrated name by accepting aid.

At last, however, the pride of the Strauss family is being buttressed by a pretty little girl of seven years, Hedwig Aigner-Strauss, the great-granddaughter of Johann Strauss, son of Johann the Elder and brother of Johann the Younger.

Hedwig, who has been studying dancing since she was a tot of four, recently went to the ballet master of the Vienna Opera House and applied for a position. She did not tell the master who she was until he had seen her dance and assured her that he would be glad to engage her. Then she confessed that her great granddaddy was no less a celebrity than Joseph Strauss, whose romantic songs and dances are still played in the restaurants and theatres of the Austrian capital.

Hedwig's salary as a member of the opera ballet is only \$7.50 a week, but

it is said that this sum is badly needed by her people and that it will be used to defray the family's modest living expenses. The little girl, who seems to have inherited a love and understanding of music, is happy that the revenue from her dancing is going to benefit her family, although she does not appreciate just how badly her modest income is needed by the proud Strauss.

The youngest member of the Vienna opera ballet is a direct descendant of Johann Strauss the Elder, who was born in 1804 and who did so much to elevate dance music to a high artistic plane. Her great-grandfather, Joseph, was a son of Johann the Elder and a brother of Johann the Younger, who became the most famous of all the Strausses in spite of the fact that his father tried to dissuade him from the study of music. It was Johann the Younger who made a name for himself at 19 as a violinist and orchestra director and who composed so many dances and operas, including the celebrated and classic "Blue Danube Waltz," which is still accepted as the finest example of Viennese dance music.

Joseph, although he never achieved fame comparable to his brother's, became a famous orchestra conductor and composed many songs and dances which are still accepted as notable music.



Seven-year-old Hedwig Aigner-Strauss, the Great-Granddaughter of the Famous Viennese Composer, Who Has Gone to Work as a Ballet Dancer to Save the Family From Poverty.

Sold the Duke's Coronet for \$40.

ALTHOUGH no one in England blamed the young Duke of Leeds when he sold Hornby Castle, his ancestral home in Yorkshire, a few months ago, thousands of Englishmen openly criticized the nobleman when he permitted the coronet of his dead father, the tenth Duke of Leeds, to be sold at public auction for the pitifully small sum of \$40.

It seemed to the blue-blooded friends of the Duke and to Britishers of every class that the young man must hold his fire and his ancestors in rather low regard to part with this emblem of the family's noble lineage. Why, they asked, should the Duke sell the crown his father wore so proudly, when the sale of Hornby Castle and his house in London brought him more than \$1,250,000 and made him financially independent for life?

Besides the coronet, the young nobleman disposed of his father's costly coronation robes for a mere \$130 and topped what is looked upon as an insult to his ancestors by letting the dual dress suit, worn at court functions, and the dual sword, go for an additional \$35. Of course, the Duke did not personally sell these relics, but he permitted them to be sold by an auctioneer, which amounts to the same thing.

The Duke of Leeds is but one of many members of the English nobility, who, because of heavy burdens of taxation and financial reverses, have put their ancestral castles and manor houses on the market. In fact, the young man's astute financial advisers suggested that he sell Hornby Castle while he could get a handsome price for it, and before he found himself "land poor."

Fortunately for the Duke, a prospective owner of the ancient Yorkist estate wanted it so badly that he paid \$1,250,000 for it. Then, because he plans to spend most of his time at the smart watering places of the continent, the young blueblood disposed of other large parcels of land in Yorkshire and Buckinghamshire, and, eventually, sold his town house in an exclusive section of London.

With little to hold him in his native land, the Duke packed up his belongings and went to live with his mother, the Dowager Duchess, at a comfortable villa on the Italian Riviera. He is one of the wealthiest and gayest residents of the fashionable resort, and is much sought after by debutantes, who see in the good-natured young Duke the happy possibility of marrying wealth, title and position in the same carefree and fun-loving individual.

Transylvania's Notorious Lover-Bandit, Trapped by His Rubber Heels

IF Vassili Baltu, the young Transylvanian bandit, who robbed the rich to give to the poor, and made passionate love to the belles of the mountain villages between jobs, had not been vain enough to wear city-made shoes with rubber heels, he might still be stealing money and kisses. But he was vain, and he lies in the churchyard of his native village, Avasufalu, no longer a delight to his sweethearts or a menace to the lives and property of his countrymen.

Vassili was a proud young man, and, after he had put himself at the head of one of the most ruthless bands of

thugs to be found in the mountains of Transylvania, he discarded the "bockor"—the high-bladed leather slipper worn by Roumanian peasants—and bought himself several pairs of modish shoes made in a London bootery. The bockor has no heels, but Vassili's foot-gear was fitted with rubber heels.

One night he and his men descended on Avasufalu when they knew that all its inhabitants were in the cathedral celebrating one of the many holy festivals of the Roumanian peasantry. They made for the homes of the wealthiest inhabitants, and had gathered several sacks of loot when they were discovered by a member of the

military patrol stationed in Transylvania to keep down the depredations of bandit gangs.

The soldier blew a shrill blast on his whistle and was soon joined by a dozen of his troop, who pulled out their revolvers and bore down upon Vassili and his henchmen. The night

was dark and the robbers had little difficulty in eluding their pursuers. The members of the patrol knew that Vassili was the only man in the mountains who wore rubber-heeled shoes.

His tracks led them out of the village and far up the steep side of the mountains, but just before daybreak

they cornered him, and, after a gun duel in which two of the soldiers were wounded, they ended his life with a shower of steel.

Hours later they arrived back in the village carrying the limp body of the native son who had deserted his home and sinned against his neighbors. Next day he young bandit was laid to rest in the burial plot of his family and the entire population of the village followed the corpse to its resting place—that is, all except five young women who had enjoyed Vassili's romantic favors and could not bear to think the swashbuckling young Robin Hood lost to them forever.

Ironically enough, most of his attacks were made on the most prosperous citizens of his home town and upon the more fortunate tradesmen and landowners of neighboring villages.

And whenever he went he sought out the fairest maids and, being a tall, handsome fellow, had little difficulty in stealing more than a few of their most ardent kisses. Every one of his "love-victims" swore by him and uttered no word that might lead to his capture. On the contrary they prayed for the day when he would surreptitiously descend on their homes, and sweep them into his strong, impetuous arms.



The Villagers of Avasufalu Watching the Funeral Procession of Vassili Baltu, the Transylvanian Bandit.



The Body of the Romantic Bandit, Who Was Trapped by His Fancy for Rubber Heels.



The Five Simultaneous Sweethearts of the Slain Highwayman, Who Couldn't Bear to Attend the Funeral and Sought Consolation Among Themselves.

Berries are Red and Fruits Have Attractive Flavors

**Interesting Scientific Researches
Reveal the Purposeful
Schemes of Nature to Broad-
cast Seeds and Insure
the Propagation
of Plants
and Vegetables**



The President Little Squirrel Hides in the Earth, Near His Nest All the Nuts That He Can Find. The Food With Him Pays Its Toll to the Earth. Buried in the Soil, the Nut Grows Up, and Then Nature's Hand Shows the Ground With the Blunt Nose.

Here is the Acorn, Buried and Waiting for the Spring, and It Begins to Sprout in the Springtime.



EMBRYO

It is no mere accident of language that unripe fruits are called "green." Most of them are of that color, which fact is one of the most significant things in Nature, controlling much of the great machinery which has been erected through millions of years of evolution to make sure that the plant kingdom has as good a chance as has the animal kingdom to spread its species over the face of the earth.

Recently, in an address at the New York Botanical Garden in New York City, Mr. A. A. Saunders called attention to the fact that nearly all kinds of berries, for example, are green when they are unripe, and change to one shade or another of red as they ripen. This, too, Mr. Saunders emphasized, is no accident. It is closely related, he insisted, to the color preferences of birds. The humble berry bush, growing close to the ground, and unable to spread itself far or fast by roots, or in any other way, is dependent upon Nature's feathered messengers of the air for one of its chief activities, for the spreading of its kind from place to place through the climatic zones of the earth, where weather and other conditions are suitable for that particular plant to grow.

An animal family can pack up and move to any new part of the world that it fancies. By this means all of the animals, including man, have spread over most of the habitable regions of the earth in the past few million years, the only exceptions being in regions like Australia, where some impassable barrier, like the sea, has interfered with these world-wide animal migrations. Plant species, like the berry bushes cannot do this. So Nature provides the bright red, attractive-looking berries. Birds see these among the foliage of the bush and eat them.

That might be thought a misfortune to the berry bush, thus to lose its fruit to the voracious appetite of birds. Actually, however, it is what the whole mechanism is for. The bird that eats the berry scatters the seeds of the berry bush far and wide. Thus, in a relatively few years the species of bush, by this animal help, may be able to migrate as far as an animal species would go. So it is, botanists agree, that so many kinds of fruit trees, berry bushes and other similar plants have spread so widely through the world's countries which are climatically suitable.

It would spoil things altogether were the berry in red and attractive too soon in its growth, before the tiny seeds, which it carries inside its flesh, were mature enough to start a new berry bush after the bird messenger had scattered them. Accordingly, when Mother Nature has provided that until these seeds are ripe and ready to carry out their part of the job of making and distributing new plants, the berry will be green or white, so that no bird will be likely to eat it.

To be eaten too soon would be a misfortune. To be eaten too late would be the whole object of having berries at all. That is why nearly all berries, fruits, not yet ready for their jobs, are green and inconspicuous among the leaves and stems of the same color. Also it is why these fruit and berry colors change so remarkably as soon as the living seed is ready to start out in the world for itself.

A thousand million years or more ago, evolving life on earth separated into two great branches—the animals and the plants. That event, one of the main crossroads in the whole history of life on earth, took place, biologists agree, in the ancient ocean, for there was then no life at all on the barren lands that emerged from the seas. Before that event, it is believed, all the living creatures on earth had been neither plants nor animals, but a kind of blend of the two, like some lowly one-celled creatures that still survive. The ancient ocean, in which these primitive plant-animals lived, contained, biologists believe, plenty of chemical food. No creature had to work for a living, for the food-laden water brought nourishment in plenty within each creature's reach.

That workless paradise of developing life could not last. After a while the chemical food in the primordial ocean became scarce. Living creatures were compelled either to make food or hunt it. Some took one path, some took the other. The food-making creatures became the plants, descendants of which are still able to absorb water, carbon dioxide gas and sunlight, and turn these ingredients into nutriment. The food-hunting creatures became the animals, and developed means of locomotion, so that they could move from a place where food was lacking to some place, if they could find it, where food was plentiful.

But the plants, in giving up the power of movement in order to acquire what is probably the still more useful power of making food, suffered a disadvantage in another direction. They were less easily able to disperse themselves, to enable their offspring to migrate and people the earth.

When the plants, as a result of more ages of evolution, began to creep out into the dry land, as some sea weeds still do along ocean margins when they get a chance, this lack of any way of scattering their spores or seeds became a really serious disadvantage to the plant family.

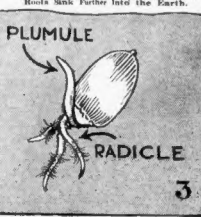
The first of all land plants, specimens of which have been found in Scotland and in Australia, apparently met the difficulties as best they could, merely by a slow shoreward creep of their roots, probably just underneath the surface of the wet sand, in some of the same way in which roots of some plants like the morning glory creep through the soil of a field.

But certainly the plant kingdom never could have conquered and populated the earth's dry continents, as a necessary preparation for the landward progress of a lifeless seed, until some more efficient mechanism of spreading and dispersal was devised.

As Nature almost always experiments, many different ways of plant dispersal have been tried out by different kinds of plants; each method perfected, doubtless, as far as is possible for the particular kind of creature concerned.

The common dandelion, for example, spreads itself over the earth by what are virtually small airplanes. Which seeds of this plant are ripe, the flower heads develop and let loose, as every country dweller knows, scores or

When the Sun Begins to Warm the Earth After the Long Winter, the Plants, Which are Buried in the Earth, Begin to Grow. The Plants, Which are Buried in the Earth, Begin to Grow. The Plants, Which are Buried in the Earth, Begin to Grow.



By the Burial of the Seed, the Plant Has Developed Its Root System in the Earth.



The Down Seed Stems of the Common Dandelion. One of the Most Prolific and Enduring of Plants. Each Downy Fibre Contains a Seed Which is Blown Off and Carried Sometimes Many Miles After by the Wind.

hundreds of seeds, each one provided with several light, feathery attachments like an aviator's parachute. The gentle breeze will lift one of these aviating dandelion seeds and blow it perhaps for miles.

Another plant that makes use of the wind to help it conquer new territory is the tumble weed of the western plains of the United States. This plant has the habit, when its seeds are ripe, of detaching itself altogether from the roots that are still in the ground and rolling over the surface under the action of the wind, until some very light wind of football.

A few plants have explosive mechanisms in their seed pods, so that the seeds can be shot out for feet or many feet when they are ripe and the pod bursts. Others have flaking seeds, so that the plant may be dispersed by

Female Has Developed From the Male and the Radicle Has Evolved into the Root of the Woody Tree to Be.

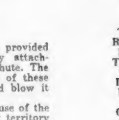


ROOT HAIRS

ROOT



The Large and Remarkable Crab Found on Most Tropic Isles, and Which Plays a Leading Part in Planting Them With the Coconut Palm.



A few plants have explosive mechanisms in their seed pods, so that the seeds can be shot out for feet or many feet when they are ripe and the pod bursts. Others have flaking seeds, so that the plant may be dispersed by

water. Numerous seeds of this type are carried over the irrigated districts of the West; for example, in the majority of plants depend, however, upon inducing animals to do their dispersing for them.

Sometimes the animal is induced to carry the seed unnoted on its furry coat, as happens, for instance, with the common burdock plant, the seeds of which are covered with tiny spines, so that the seeds stick fast to animal fur, and may drop off or be carried off many miles away. But mostly the animals are paid for their service in dispersing the plant seeds by an equivalent in food.

In the instance of the berries that Mr. Saunders was discussing, it is a taste of the unripe berry is usually sour or otherwise unpleasant, so that if a bird actually does sample a

Throughout the World the Coasts of Lonely Tropical Islands Are Lined With Row After Row of Coconut Palms. Very Few of These Palms Have Been Carried There by Man. The Original Coconuts Were Washed Up the Shore From Other Distant Climes. The Coconut Is Invested in a Buoyant Outer Covering, Which Enables It to Float Through Hundreds of Miles of Sea.



green berry the bird is not likely to be repeated. The color signals to the bird when the berry is ready. The taste makes the bird like it.

So it is, also, with the common habit of squirrels and other animals of burying nuts. Naturalists, watching the behavior of these animals, find that many of the buried nuts are forgotten, and never dug up again. These are in position to grow.

Among thousands of interesting and remarkable ways that different plants use to disperse their seeds, an unusual one is the system of the coconut. The coconut seen in civilized markets is the inside part of the nut as it grows on the coconut palm. The hard, round shell is a protecting coating to keep the meat inside from being spoiled. This meat, as well as the milk, provides nutriment to enable the new coconut plant to get started.

But the chief part of the dispersal machinery of the coconut is altogether outside the hard shell that one sees in the stores. It is the outside layer of fibrous, spongy material which surrounds the hard nut. The fibre of this is familiar to everyone in the form of coconut matting and similar materials.

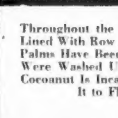
This outer coating of the coconut is the seed's amazing boat. The fibrous material, covered externally with a thin shell, partly impervious to sea water, enables the nut to float for weeks or months in the sea. The coating provides a shock absorber, also, against the danger that the nut might be smashed if the waves pound it against rocks. Thus the tender living plant inside is protected against injury by sea water or by anything else until it comes finally to rest on some sandy beach. There the warm sun starts the vital activity in the tiny embryo. Presently the young coconut palm emerges, ready to try its luck as a new individual of its kind.

In most coconut regions additional help has been enlisted in the job of starting new palms: help which adds the plant to overcome the danger that the floating seed, when it does land on a softer beach, will come to rest too near the water's edge, where the new plant will be killed by wave action or by too much salt water, or by some other danger. This help comes from

These animals live along the shore, seize stranded coconuts as they arrive and drag the nuts up the beach to try to eat them. Some of these are paid for their service in dispersing the plant seeds by an equivalent in food.

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How This Earth Looked More Than a Thousand Million Years Ago, Before Any Sort of Life Existed on It. When This Surface, in Another Few Million Years, Cooled Sufficiently, Plant Life Crawled Out of the Ocean and Proceeded to Grow Upon the Land.—From a Painting by Charles R. Knight, Presented to the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, by Ernest R. Graham.

The Mysterious Old "Spook" of Fyvie Castle

The Legend of the Ghostly Trumpeter and the Strange Prophecy of Tom the Rhymer That Fyvie Should Never Pass From Father to Son Until "the Weeping Stone" Is Replaced



Historic Fyvie Castle, in Aberdeenshire, the scene of the legend of the ghostly Trumpeter Who Is Perpetrated in Stone Upon the Roof.

LONDON, August 17. LADY LEITH OF FYVIE, American born and once distinguished as a beauty and society leader, is dead, and many people are discussing the tragic legend of "The Trumpeter of Fyvie" and the astonishing misfortunes which have fallen on the owners of ancient Fyvie Castle.

Tom the Rhymer, the most famous ballad singer in Scotland, who is credited with having lived with the Queen of the Fairies for three years, put a "curse" on the Lord of Fyvie six hundred years ago and it is said to be working still. The curse was that the estate should never pass from father to son until a certain wrong had been righted. This failure of male heirs has been happening with terrible regularity for six hundred years. The curse was fulfilled when the late Lady Fyvie lost her only son in the Boer War. After that her life was overshadowed by thoughts of the curse.

Lady Leith was formerly Miss Marie Louise January, daughter of Derick A. January, a millionaire iron founder of St. Louis, Mo. Lieut. Alexander Forbes-Leith, then a young officer in the British Navy, met her during a visit of a British naval squadron to San Francisco, fell in love with her and they were married. Young Forbes-Leith settled in America and made a very large fortune in the steel business. He became president of the Federal Steel Company and other important companies. But always he dreamed of going back to Scotland and owning picturesque old Fyvie Castle, which had belonged to his kinsmen.

When he had accumulated all the money he needed he went back to Scotland and bought the old castle from one of his relatives. He always laughed at the stories of the curse on the old place, but said they made it more interesting to him. Soon after his return he was created a baron with the title of Lord Leith of Fyvie. He and his handsome American wife entertained King Edward a great deal and they became distinguished figures in the British society. Lord Leith was a prominent yachtsman and member of the Royal Yacht Squadron and the King often sailed on his yacht. Then the misfortune began to fall on him. His only son, Lieut. Percy Forbes-Leith, was killed in the Boer War.



Lieutenant Forbes-Leith, Only Son of the Late Lord of Fyvie Castle, Who Was Killed in the Boer War and Whose Death Was Considered an Illustration of the Legend That the Castle Never Passes From Father to Son.

Andrew then went away to make his fortune, but came back to woo Annie. The two and his family were no better as ever against Andrew, and they bent the girl cruelly to make him give her up.

All their cruelty could not shake the girl's true love. When they were kept apart, Andrew used to go to the roof of Fyvie Castle and blow his trumpet to let her know he was thinking of her. Finally she did one night later listening in vain for the trumpet. When Andrew heard what had happened to his sweetheart he quickly went to join her in the other world. Part of the ballad describing the incident of the trumpet and the sad ending of the sweethearts' lives runs as follows:

"O Andrew's gone to the houstop,
O the bonny house o' Fyvie;
He's blown his horn baith loud and shrill,
O'er the lawland lea o' Fyvie.

"Many a time he's walked a night,
And never yet was weary;
But now I may walk war my lane,
For I'll never see my dearie.

"Love pines away, love dwines away,
Love, love, decays the body;
For the love o' thee, now I man die—
I come, my bonnie Annie!"

There is more than one version of the ballad, and several more of less conflicting legends connected with the trumpet. According to one of them, Andrew Lammie declared before his death, that his fate was so cruel that the very stones on the roof of Fyvie Castle would weep forever over it.

Immediately the villagers discovered that three large stones were exuding water in an extraordinary manner. The Lord of Fyvie, the owner of Fyvie Castle, laughed scoffingly at Andrew Lammie's pathetic fate, and declared that it was absurd to say that stones could weep. To support his assertion he ordered the three stones to be thrown into the bottom of a lake so deep that nobody ever dredged the bottom.

One of the stones had been thrown in thus when Tom the Rhymer, who was a great magician, and friend of the people, as well as poet and prophet, heard of the Lord of Fyvie's treacherous conduct and interfered. The magician was greatly angered by the Lord's hardness of heart and incredulity over



The Late Lady Leith of Fyvie, Formerly Miss Marie January, of St. Louis, Missouri, Who Has Just Died and Whose Life Was Darkened by the Legend of the Trumpeter of Fyvie.

spiritual matters. As a punishment he declared that Fyvie Castle should never pass from father to son until the missing stone was restored. According to one old legend Tom the Rhymer spoke his curse in these words:

"For thy mocking words and the wrong thou hast done,
"Never shall Fyvie pass from father to son."
"Till the last of those stones that wept for love's sake
"Shall be brought back to thy hall from the lake."

The lord was frightened by Tom's prophecy and the remaining stones were not carried away. Very soon the scoffing nobleman had reason to believe in the alarming prophecy, for his only son was killed in the woods by ambushed enemies. From that day to this it is said Fyvie Castle has never passed from a male owner to his son. It has passed to brothers, cousins and daughters, but never directly from father to son. So constant has been the misfortune that sons of the Lord of Fyvie have lived as if under sentence of death.

Weird legends about the trumpet's curse are current to this day in the country around Fyvie Castle. An old retainer of the household says that the trumpet still comes on certain nights to revisit the scene of his great sorrow. He appears near the hour of midnight, and those who lie awake can hear the blowing of his ghostly trumpet and the

clanking of his armor. It is even said that these apparitions presage a death in the family.

Two of the curious old weeping stones are still preserved at the castle. They absorb and exude moisture in a very strange and incomprehensible manner. One is built into the castle wall, while the other is considered the personal property of the owner for the time being. The whereabouts of the third is still a mystery after six centuries. On one of the turrets there is a startling statue of the trumpeter blowing his horn, armor reminder that there are real facts behind the legends.

As in many of these ancient legends there is considerable confusion and some contradictory details. According to some authorities the Trumpeter of Fyvie was a real person who lived about the time of Mary Queen of Scots and long after the time of Tom the Rhymer, very early medieval character, whose period was between 1225 and 1290. There was a tendency to introduce the name of Tom the Rhymer into ballads of many periods. In this version the trumpeter was a desperate soldier and quite a

different type from Andrew Lammie. The weird subject is involved in considerable mystery. Why, it is asked, should the ancient owner of Fyvie Castle have placed a statue of the trumpeter on the roof of his house, as he has undoubtedly done, if the latter had brought a curse on it? According to one version of the ballad of the trumpeter, the lord really sympathized with the poor fellow and tried to soften the heart of the miller towards him.

Fyvie Castle is an immense and magnificent building in the gently sloping vale of the River Ythan in the center of the lowlands of Aberdeenshire. The castle forms two sides of a quadrangle, the south face measuring

"It is said that when a death is about to happen in the family of Fyvie, they hear the melancholy tones of the ghostly trumpeter and the clanking of his armor sounding through the midnight air. A stone statue of the trumpeter also stands on the castle roof."

147 feet and the western front 137 feet. Three corners are massive square towers finished with angle turrets and high crenelated gables.

Standing upon one of the turrets the figure of the trumpeter, in stone, points his menacing trumpet toward the dwelling of the miller, the cruel father of his sweetheart.

The official records of Scotland prove how frequently the castle has failed to pass from father to son. A charter of the year 1397 mentions the transfer of Fyvie Castle from Thomas Colvill, son of the Lord of Oxenham, to Henry de Preston, in return for a hundred pounds sterling, which he had advanced to Colvill "in his need." The curse seems to have been at work.

The estate passed from the family of Preston into that of Meldrum, and was purchased in 1566 by Alexander Seton, sixth son of George Lord Seton, who was created Lord Fyvie two years afterwards. He was made Lord Chancellor in 1604 and received the exalted title of Earl of Dunfermline in 1606. This nobleman was "notorious for his wickedness as well as his ability. He left the influence of the old curse, for he died without leaving a son. He was an ancestor through the female line of the late Lord Leith, who married the American girl.

The next heir to the old castle is young Ian Forbes-Leith, who, like his mother, changed his name from Ross-Burn to that of the ancient lords. According to the legend, it is decreed by the curse of Tom the Rhymer that the castle can never pass from him to his son.

The young Laird has expressed a determination to make the utmost effort to recover the mysterious "weeping stone" referred to by Tom the Rhymer, so that he may make peace with the supernatural powers and keep the old castle among his direct descendants.



Ion Forbes-Leith, Present Heir to Fyvie Castle, With His Wife. He Is a Son of the Daughter of the Late Lord, Which Is in Accordance With the Tradition That the Castle Never Passes From Father to Son.

"Follies" Beauty's Picturesque Police Record

The Search for the Notorious Crook and Ex-Convict, William Easterday, Incidentally Reveals the Variegated Career and Astonishing Fidelity of His Wife, the Famous Show Girl, Lora Sonderson

A Partial Photograph of Lora.

WHEN the New York stock brokerage firm of DeWolf, Stewart & Co. blew up about a year ago, the interesting discovery was made that the fine looking gentleman who met the customers as "Mr. Stewart" was the well-known crook and jail bird who under his real name of William W. Easterday was sentenced to prison with the notorious Nicky Arnstein for participation in a \$5,000,000 bond theft.

Easterday was promptly arrested and as promptly released on bail after the brokerage collapse. When his bond expired a few weeks ago and the police and federal officials looked for him, he was not to be found. He was finally located with his wife in a cottage in the Adirondacks, but the couple fled before they could be captured. In the meantime the police had learned that "Mrs. Stewart" or Mrs. Easterday was none other than Lora Sonderson, who as a "Follies" girl and actress had had quite a triumph on Broadway a few years ago.

After marrying Easterday, she is said to have helped "Mr. Stewart" spend a generous share of the money he had gotten from his unfortunate brokerage customers. That itself was not surprising. The amazing thing is that she has stuck by her husband through all his troubles and now is his faithful companion while he is being pursued as a bail-jumper and fugitive from justice. That, the authorities believe, is a high mark in devotion for Broadway beauties.

When the detectives began to look up the record of Lora, they were astonished. No one police department in any American City had it all. But by piecing together the New York records with the St. Louis records and the Milwaukee records, and various other records, it turned out that the wife of the notorious "Mr. Stewart" had had quite a remarkable career, and that her swiftness as a showgirl beauty in New York was only one episode of a very busy and unusual life.

Lora Sonderson first appeared in the public eye, quietly and respectfully, as a choir singer in her native town of Kansas City, Missouri. She was then Laura Farrell. This was much too slow for the young lady, so she resigned and went to Kansas University, where she was featured in "The Chimes of Normandy," produced by the college during her freshman year. This broke her, but not nearly enough for Laura, who packed up for New York.

"I shall we hear from you," asked her classmates. "Sure," said Laura, "look for me on the front page." Before long, as Lora Sonderson, they saw her on the dramatic page, and soon after that she might be found on most any page from crime to matrimony. Her climb to fame was not made her college mates dizzy. She was a star before they had even gotten a diploma. In quick succession she was a "Follies" beauty, featured in "No, No, Nanette," "The Hot Chick," "The Girl Who Came to Supper," "Oh, Boy!" and starred in the "Ginghams."

Meanwhile Lora had been married to Harry Myers, comedian of "Oh, Boy!" Road Company No. 1. But matrimony turned out to be a joke and they were divorced. She was just about to be married to a New York stock broker when that turned out to be a tragedy, because the broker committed suicide ever business reverses.

Having figured prominently under headings of matrimony and suicide, Miss Sonderson turned onto the first page in 1924 with a \$60,000 jewel robbery. This was the first time the New York police visited Lora. She called them and the reporters to her



Lora Sonderson, as One of the Show Girl Beauties of Broadway Theatrical Life.

apartment, showed them how someone had ransacked it and pointed to the exact spot the jewels had occupied. Someone she said, had telephoned that her ex-husband was dying and begged to whisper a last word. Raising to the address given, she found a large left building, containing two men by the name also of Myers, both engaged in dyeing, also cleaning, but no sign of her former husband. When she returned and discovered the robbery the reason for the hoax was perfectly clear to her. But it was not clear to the police who investigated and seemed mystified. Mr. Myers and Lora must have saved a lot of their salaries to have

put \$60,000 into jewelry. Lloyd's, with whom it was insured for \$20,000, were also puzzled and refused to pay even when the actress sued them. Within a year Lora had acquired a \$5,000 ring, which would indicate that she was very thrifty or prosperous. Wall Street bond houses estimate that to save \$5,000 a year indicated an income of at least \$25,000. But the lady lost it right in the middle of Vincent Lopez's night club and again there was work for police and reporters and Vincent was dragged to court at the ghastly hour of 9 a. m. She did not say that the jeweler had grabbed her ring, but that it had fallen to the floor, where somebody snatched it. As Mr.

Lopes seemed to own the place he ought to be sued.

Mr. Lopez did not think so. He proved by a lot of red-eyed witnesses, who had never been up that early before, that the ring had fallen from the lady's finger and been returned to her by an employee at once. If it fell again, then it was contributory negligence or criminal carelessness on her part. Such was his theory and the court sustained it, exonerating him and throwing out the case.

Lora really was getting careless that year. In less than a week she was in court again, this time as defendant to explain why she had written some checks without first considering whether there was any money in the bank to pay them. All but one of the checks were held by men who softened at the sight of beauty in distress and told the court they would wait for their money. They did wait. But Belle Michaels, representing a modiste, who was also a woman, would not stand for any fooling on that \$175 check for a gown. She got her money.

Within a few days Patrolman John Green of the West Forty-seventh Street Station had the distinction of escorting the lovely Lora to Magistrate Merritt's court, where she smiled brightly at Edgar Carlene, manager of the Hotel Wentworth. Edgar did not smile back but charged the actress with disorderly conduct in the lobby of his hotel, kicking up such a rumpus that she almost bolted the place.

The judge fined her five dollars, and

Photograph of Lora in Stage Costume Recently When She Was a "Follies" Girl.

from New York, came to the local Shubert Theatre.

Miss Sonderson saw the show, and recognizing her friend, William Boyd, playing the part of the hard-boiled Sergeant Quirt, decided right then and there to marry him. After the performance she followed Mr. Boyd to his hotel and, calling his room, broke into his dressing room with such fervor that the unromantic hotel management called in the police.

After these had arrived and broken the clinch, Mr. Boyd picked up his hat and, straightening his collar and necktie, felt of his adam's apple, smoothed his hair and decided that he was otherwise none the worse for the affectionate outburst.

Instead of going to a church they took Lora to police headquarters, where even the reserves deserted and came downstate. The former "Follies" beauty, with her nine-inch cigarette holder, her jeweled bracelet around an ankle, entertaining with snarls, songs and Broadway wise-cracks, in return they let her powder puff and hanky, which she was forever dropping, but not letting her go until Col. Greenman, investigator of the insane, had come and ordered her held for observation.

Next day she was committed to the State Sanatorium for the mentally slightly confused, at Nevada, Missouri,



Police Photograph of Lora Sonderson as She Was Photographed and Numbered at Police Headquarters in Milwaukee.



Washington Police Photograph of Easterday, Versatile Crook and Ex-Convict, Who Was Being Hunted by the Government Authorities for His Activities as "Mr. Stewart" of the Recently Explored New York Stock Brokerage Firm of De Wolf, Stewart & Company.

Remembering that she seemed to be getting into the courts most every day, ordered her to be finger-printed.

"Why, judge, would you do that to me, after I pleaded guilty?" she asked, and started to make a naughty upstage exit from the courtroom. The gallant Mr. Green persuaded her to wait while he paid her fine, for she had forgotten to bring any money.

The finger-printing made Lora indignant and, just for that, she left New York and, returned to her native town, which viewed its prodigal daughter with awe and amusement. Nothing extraordinary happened to the city, however, for more than a month, until "What Price Glory?" on tour

climbed over its walls and escaped. She was caught in St. Louis, but could not be bothered to remember where the crime took place. The furrier alleged had been won by means of that check, and from this they argued that she was cured.

Shortly after her return she staged a bit of melodramatic comedy at a mother's house. Someone telephoned the nearest hospital to come quick because Miss Sonderson had taken poison and was dying. The ambulance, charging like a demon through traffic, reached the house, doctors and nurses armed with stomach pumps and emetics dashed into the door and were confronted with the lady herself, in a lovely negligee but a cross mood and quite alive. She did not explain the mistake, she just told them to get out and they did. It costs about \$5 to hear an actress swear on the stage, but they had heard it for nothing.

Lora then had one last fling at the stage, in Hammerstein's "Love Call." After that she seems to have answered the call of the wild and married Easterday. From that point on she has appeared in various parts of the country attracting the attention of the police, under the names of Laura Orri, Corrett, Parrott and Morgan; also as Lora Sonderson, Lora Riddle, Mrs. W. W. Edwards and Mrs. W. W. Edmunds.

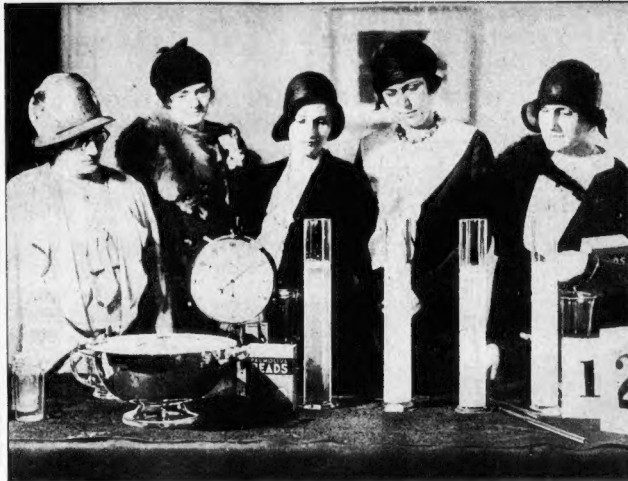
In Milwaukee, last April, the police gathered the lady in on a vagrancy charge at \$25.00 bail on the ground of the lack of her husband. Of police, who said she had issued another one of those checks, this time for \$500. Released on \$500 to her husband, she arrested on a fugitive warrant, and again left on a charge of vagrancy, which was forfeited, when Lora absconded.

Occasionally, when her peculiar husband, who, at that time, went under the name of Edwards, visited her family until they discovered Lora. Nobody knew he was the naive and broadminded man of the new brokerage firm until it failed.

Mr. Easterday, alias Stewart, was arrested in Washington, D. C., for tracing a long distance call from his wife, who did not know where they were watching her in Milwaukee. Among other marvels the State troopers witnessed was the fact that Lora, from a brunette with raven hair to a golden blonde. The authorities got little out of questioning Lora. She assured them that she didn't know the man who was her husband. That was Mrs. Easterday explained that she never asked questions because her husband didn't like to talk shop.



Mrs. James J. Davis, Chairman of the Committee of 17, opens meeting.



Members of the Committee of 17 watch revolutionary new soap tested at Ritz Hotel. (Left to right) Dr. McGowan, Antoinette Donnelly, Miss Pollard, Miss Edgerton and Ex-Governor Ross.



Mary Roberts Rinehart, famous novelist and member of the Committee of 17.

Distinguished Committee of 17 Launches New Soap Discovery

Mrs. James J. Davis, Mrs. Cecil B. De Mille, Ethel Barrymore, Anne Morgan, in group to judge new soap for fine fabrics



Another member of the Committee of 17—Ethel Barrymore, America's most noted actress.

Famous Silk Manufacturers unite with Committee of 17 endorsing Palmolive Beads

CHENEY LUNITE
CORTICELLI PHOENIX
HOLEPROOF STEHLI
KAYSER VANITY FAIR
VAN RAALTE

They analyzed Palmolive Beads in their own laboratories. They tested them again and again in washing tests on the silks they manufacture. And now all recommend Palmolive Beads for safe washing of silks.

A TINY head of soap, no larger than a pinhead, yet it holds the secret of 20% longer wear for silk stockings! Science proved this recently to the entire satisfaction of the Committee of 17, a group of distinguished women who met at the Ritz Hotel to give "the woman's viewpoint" on this revolutionary new soap that promises to upset utterly all previous conceptions of how silks and fine fabrics should be washed.

Watch soap tests at Ritz

Social leaders, home economics consultants, the wife of a distinguished cabinet member, eminent university authorities... women representative of every type of American femininity... the Committee of 17 watched authorities test soaps ordinarily used by women for washing silks. They heard chemists tell how modern washbowls lauding of silks demanded an entirely different kind of soap from any of these formerly employed, one that would dissolve instantly... work in water as cool as 85 degrees F. and rinse away completely. Could soap really be improved? Could the ideal soap for silks be made?

New soap out-performs chips and flakes

Science says "yes," and before the skeptical eyes of 17 women tested a revolutionary new soap that performed miracles never witnessed before. It dissolved like a flash, cleansed in water 20 degrees cooler than required by any existing soap, and rinsed away like magic.

"The most amazing... the most perfect soap for silks I have ever seen," was the tribute of Miss Lillian Edgerton, consulting textile authority, "and I have tested soaps on over 6,000 different fabrics."

Dr. Ellen B. McGowan, noted Columbia University expert, told of her tests with the new soap and how the olive oil base keeps silk threads soft

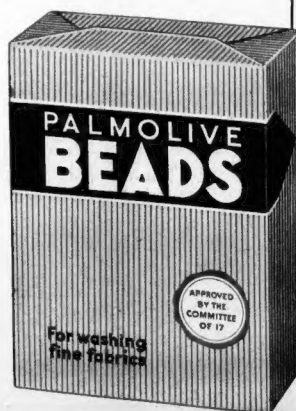
and elastic and helps protect silk stockings against runs.

So perfectly did the new soap meet every requirement that the Committee of 17 went on record as "unanimously approving the new soap as perfect for the washing of silks, woolsens and all fine fabrics."

"The name of the new soap, 'Palmolive Beads,' reveals the secret of why it gives such vastly better results," said the chemists who made this important discovery.

Palmolive Beads are the first soap for fine silks ever made in the form of tiny, hollow, instant-dissolving "beads." The only fine fabric soap ever made of olive and palm oils... oils hitherto reserved exclusively for complexion soaps.

Palmolive Beads are for sale everywhere at 10 cents the box—no more than you pay for ordinary flakes and chips. Get a box today.



Who's Who on the Committee of 17

These famous women form the Committee of 17—leaders representing every phase of feminine activity, who came from all over the United States to watch Palmolive Beads tested.

Mrs. James J. Davis, Chairman. Wife of the Secretary of Labor, charming Washington hostess—wife and mother.

Miss Ethel Barrymore. America's most famous actress. Mother of a daughter who is training to succeed her.

Miss Elsie De Wolfe of New York. The noted designer whose decorative genius has brought her wide recognition.

Antoinette Donnelly. Known to millions for her interesting heavy articles in the Chicago Tribune.

Miss Lillian Edgerton. Head of many laboratories for textiles which employ national recognition.

Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank. Widely known Chicago social leader and writer. Her latest novel "Lion's Den" is eagerly awaited.

Mrs. Oliver Harriman. Social leader of New York. Prominent in philanthropic and civic activities.

Mrs. Anne Morgan. Famous daughter of a famous father. Noted for her social and charitable activities.

Dr. Ellen B. McGowan. In charge of Household Chemistry, Columbia University, New York City.

Mary Roberts Rinehart. America's most beloved woman fiction writer. Wife, mother and charming Washington hostess.

Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt. Wife of the Governor of New York. Member of one of America's most distinguished families.

Nellie Taylor Ross. Former Governor of Wyoming.

Miss Gay S. Walton. Advertising manager of J. Walter Thompson & Co., silk manufacturers, and authority on textiles.

Mme. Schumann-Heink. America's most widely known and best loved prima donna. Mother—homemaker—philanthropist.

Mrs. Cecil B. De Mille. Wife of the prominent motion picture director... a leader in philanthropy and an inspiring hostess in Southern California.

Mrs. Hancock Banning. A Los Angeles social leader and distinguished Virginia society.

Suzanne Pollard. A famous old Virginia family. Daughter of Governor of Virginia and hostess of the executive mansion.

PALMOLIVE BEADS
for washing fine fabrics

Large Box 10c

Mystery of the Fortunes "Won" at Gay Le Touquet

Jenny Dolly's and Mrs. Factor's Reported Enormous Winnings Arouse Charges That the Famous French Gambling Resort Enjoys the Publicity of Heavy Losses Without Really Sustaining Them

Daring Beach Costumes—Not Intended for Swimming—Are Among the Many Attractions of Gay Le Touquet.

PARIS, August 16. A GREAT British airplane fell the other day, carrying to death four well-known society leaders. Conspicuous among them was Lady Edmon, wife of the Earl of Dudley's heir and sister of the Duke of Sutherland.

The airplane was making the short trip from Le Touquet in France to London. This tragedy has called attention to the remarkable rise of Le Touquet from a simple little fishing village to one of France's greatest gambling resorts, challenging the supremacy of Monte Carlo and Deauville.

Just before the disaster the news had been widely printed that Jenny Dolly, one of the noted dancing sisters, had won 12,000,000 francs (\$180,000) in two days' play at Le Touquet, while Mrs. John Factor, a charming Chicago society woman, carried off 7,000,000 francs in just two night's diversion at the baccarat table.

It is interesting to know that there is a widespread impression that the gambling casinos seek alluring publicity by spreading misleading reports about the colossal winnings of prominent and attractive persons. A woman who became involved in a controversy with Frank Gould's new casino at Nice has stated that she won large sums of money there in public which she reported privately.

A report, which is read with suspicion and amusement, states that Major Dudley Costa, an undoubted British millionaire, is engaged in a remorseless struggle to break the bank at Le Touquet.

The London Daily Express, owned by Lord Beaverbrook, who is supposed to know a lot about such matters, has been conducting an investigation of the Le Touquet Casino. The correspondent makes this interesting statement about "celebrated winners":

"There were no signs of the celebrated women whose winnings at Le Touquet, Deauville and Monte Carlo have been so suspiciously constant that experts in London and Paris suggested that they must have come to some arrangement with the syndicates which take the bank."

"People point out the advantage in the bank accruing through some such arrangement by which it obtains the advertisement of heavy losses without actually sustaining them."

At baccarat, which is much played at these resorts, the bank was taken by a syndicate of foreigners experienced in gambling; never by Englishmen or Americans. The publicity given to the Casino usually dwells on the delightful air of the conventions which prevail, but this correspondent speaks of the very sick expression of many of his compatriots as they left the tables.

Another eye-witness of the gambling, Henry Fulford, formerly editor of a local English paper at Le Touquet, writes:

"I have watched the Dolly sisters and their Spinis-like friends, London merchant princes and weekend misers both win and lose. I have seen a bank opened with 40,000 francs (\$1,600).

"Now the crowd out of working hours, both at Le Touquet and Monte Carlo, and though to almost impossible to get these automata to talk, yet I have heard enough from them to know that all the colossal wins

we read about are given to the press for propaganda purposes.

"For cleverness in propaganda I raise my bet every time to the Syndicate d'Initiative of the French gambling resorts, but what always amazes me is the gullibility of my own countrymen and countrywomen, who apparently believe these fantastic stories of huge winnings."

Breaking the bank means winning from your fellow-sitters, not the management, who are delighted to watch their clients, taking in each other's washing, their charge for which is five per cent of the turnover.

"What the Casino authorities do is to provide their clients with a luxuriously appointed rendezvous, where in a vitiated atmosphere they can cut each other's throats and pay treble prices for food and drink."

Mr. Falloir mentions a well-known English person who unexpectedly won fifteen thousand francs gambling at Le Touquet. She was overjoyed to have won, and the next morning she gave one thousand francs to the local church. Then she went back to the tables and in the afternoon lost all she had won. At 3 p. m. she went to the church and asked if it was not possible to get her thousand francs back. It was not.

Frequenters of Le Touquet describe Jenny Dolly's alleged great winning as a legend. She, who is reported to have won 12,000,000 francs, is the heart of Le Touquet. Leaving the two innocent children at the Hermitage Hotel, where her millionaire friend, Gordon Selfridge, is staying, she strolled over to the Casino de France, the Casino in the Forest, which is the heart of Le Touquet. It was seven o'clock in the morning. Miss Dolly watched the water by ordering breakfast, which is not usually eaten at that hour, if at all. After taking nourishment she went into the baccarat room, which she did not usually enter at that hour. They had been there since midnight. Her traveling dress was in striking contrast to the dazzling evening gown, diamonds and pearls worn by the women players.

Princess Wiasemsky, daughter of the Czar, asked Miss Dolly if she were going to play. The dancer smiled a sweet, innocent smile, shook her head and left abruptly, the surprised everybody by returning that night by airplane. She seemed to have some definite plan, for she hurried to the Casino and began

gambling at once. By morning the winnings piled up before her amounted to 5,000,000 francs (\$750,000). During the following day she won 2,000,000 francs (\$300,000). Mrs. Factor, who is reported to have won 7,000,000 francs (\$1,050,000) in two nights' play, is the Princess of Wales.

A few days before Jenny Dolly's run of luck Mrs. John Factor, of Chicago, is reported to have gained 7,000,000 francs in two nights' play. The pretty wife of the Chicago banker divides her time between fashionable society in London and Le Touquet. She took advantage of the new air line which made it possible to leave London in the morning, play a game of golf in the afternoon, take a whirl at the gambling tables at night and be back in London by ten o'clock in the morning. These airplanes were distinguished by the fact they allowed smoking.

By remarkable enterprise and advertising methods Le Touquet has progressed from a simple fishing village to something far from simple. The Casino is trying to outstrip Monte Carlo, Deauville and other famous resorts. Of course, it is a very different sort of place from Monte



The Casino at Le Touquet, Where Fortunes Are Nightly "Won" and Lost at the Newest of France's Gambling Resorts. And Above—Mrs. John Factor, of Chicago, Reported to Have Won 7,000,000 Francs in Two Nights at Le Touquet.



Lady Edmon, Sister of the Duke of Sutherland, One of the Paris Society People Recently Killed While Returning From Le Touquet to London by Airplane.

Carlo. It has a breezing climate, due to its position on the breezy Channel, which makes the gambler throw his money vigorously and joyfully on the green tables, whereas the older resort has a land-mid and a somewhat tropical climate.

Monte Carlo, even by the admission of many of its stockholders, is getting behind and staid. Even the roulette has fallen. There is nothing old-fashioned about Le Touquet, where the most unbelievable things happen. Deauville made its great reputation through its splendid, bracing sea air, and has succeeded so well that now it cuts a fortune to sleep in a cellar during the "Grand Prix" week. Le Touquet expects to do even better.

Its nearness to the great centres of population gives it some remarkable advantages. The airplane service from London made it easy to shake off the comparative constraint of English life and enjoy the perfect freedom of Le Touquet within a couple of hours.

The unhappy accident caused an interruption of this route, but it will probably be forgotten. An American may arrive in London one day and go to Le Touquet in the evening for dinner. Proceeding to the bar for a cocktail, he is likely to meet a slim young fellow in evening clothes with unconventional soft shirt, going there for a similar purpose. It is the Prince of Wales.

King Alfonso of Spain, while on the way from Paris to Calais, recently paid a visit to Le Touquet and was received with enthusiasm. Few men can do more for a seaside resort than his Majesty. He once gave Deauville some valuable publicity by tangling all night for three nights. At Le Touquet the King lunched at the Hermitage, motored along the sea front and mingled with the gay crowd at the Casino, but he did not gamble. There is a difficult political situation in Spain just now and perhaps on account of

demands quite well "triente-e-quarante," "tout va," "chemin-de-fer," "banque ouverte,"—all terms constantly used at Le Touquet.

Since her reported phenomenal run of luck, Miss Dolly has been receiving two hundred letters a day. Many correspondents, as might be expected, invited her to launch a "Dolly Sisters Aviation Company," with a capital of 5,000,000 francs, and one generous man sent her five francs with the request that she would win a fortune for him.

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Jenny Dolly, One of the Noted Dancing Sisters, Widely Reported to Have Won 12,000,000 at Le Touquet Casino in Three Days' Play.

the King Alfonso thought it wise to stay away from the green tables.

Le Touquet is nearly always enlivened by some Hindu, Oriental or other exotic prince wearing gorgeous turbans and flowing robes. A recent visitor was the Sultan of Morocco, Moulay Mahamed VI. He was accompanied by his sister, Si El Mokrri, and his tutor, Si Mennet. There was a great deal of hopeful excitement among the girls who frequent the Casino and who remember what the Shah of Persia and other Oriental potentates did for France's gambling resorts.

But the Sultan of Morocco proved disappointingly virtuous. He looked with interest at the players at the baccarat tables, but did not gamble. He loved the pictures and hurried to the motion picture theatre in the Casino without looking at the alluring collection of beauties in the ballroom. He attended a great banquet in his honor given by Lucien Saint, the French resident in Morocco, but by His Highness's request, champagne, wine and liquor were omitted. Some of the frequenters of Le Touquet are wondering what the Sultan's weakness can be.

The industries and business interests of Le Touquet are remarkably varied. The gallant Colonel Gdanovitch, one of the heroes of the Czar's army during the war, has been saved from ruin and perhaps starvation by selling dolls. This gray-haired warrior comes here every season, not to gamble but at the head of a regiment of dolls, which he puts on sale in the stores.

"My dolls," says the grizzled old colonel, "are not so beautiful as the live ones of the Casino, dressed in velvet and tulle, who trail in the air an exciting odor of life. But they are much less expensive, and when you know how to make them work they have the illusion of life. Two years ago I had a friend who chose a live one. Very often he held her in his arms and told her so many sweet things that he behaved the undomesticated. But in the end he discovered that she had no more feeling than my dolls."

Three golf courses, forty tennis courts, pigeon-shooting contests, automobile shows, polo drafts, flower festivals, fencing tournaments, archery, football, and a swimming pool covering 180,000 feet, lend variety to the sylvan simplicity of Le Touquet. But the greatest attraction is the gambling Casino, which offers the lure of all the treasures and pleasures in the world for the flip of a card.

With the Famous Canadian

Experiences in the Bleak
Where the Grim,
Constantly
Alwa



Emma Richard, Whose Death Finally Broke
the Reign of Terror of the Village
of St. Laurent.

By Sergeant George Roberts,
Of the Royal Canadian Police

CHAPTER I.

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"THE Mountie always gets his
man."

Such is the tradition,
known around the world, of the old
Royal Northwest Mounted Police,
recently renamed "The Royal Canadian
Police."

If this tradition were not founded
on fact, an honest citizen would not
find life as safe as it is in the Do-
minion of Canada, a land greater in
area than the United States, but
with a population not much bigger
than that of New York City. In
those great solitudes, far from the
law, the post, the telegraph or any
other nerve of civilization, the nat-
ural temptation to commit crimes of
violence is great. The criminal
knows he can count on a long head
start.

There are places where a man
can kill his neighbor in the Fall and
be reasonably sure that the authori-
ties will not even hear of it till after
the Spring thaws. The Canadian Eskimo
is a kindly, well-meaning soul, but he has the intelli-
gence and morals of the stone age, and cannot see
why, in times of famine, it is not right and fitting
to knock the old people on the head. In that great
domain there are settlements where almost no-
body speaks English, there is the mad religious
sect of the Doukhobors, who, every once in a
while, burn up their farm houses and their
clothes and, stark-naked, start wandering off "in
search of the Lord." And there are Indians and
half-breeds who have peculiar ideas about other
people's lives and property.

All in all, it is an ideal setting for the bad
man to rule by a reign of terror. But he doesn't.
There is less crime in all sparsely settled Canada
than in any one of several American cities. The
main reason for this is that when a man thinks of
breaking the law he also thinks of the fact that
"The Mountie gets his man." He knows that
sooner or later one of them will start after him
and keep on his trail till he gets him, and, if it is
a murder, he will hang for it.

Actually, the Mountie does not always get his
man. Like every other country, Canada has its
insoluble crime mysteries, but not many. And it
has known criminals who have never been
brought to book; but these are even scarcer and
in many cases they have probably escaped
through the loop-hole of death.

For four years I was a member of that little
band that polices almost half a continent and I
know that when a Mountie did not get his man,
it was not the policeman's fault. No danger or
hardship ever stopped him. Many persons have
asked me if the character of the Mountie isn't
largely myth, like the impossible frontier cow-
boy, who was supposed to shoot accurately with
two guns at the same time. They do not see why
such a high type of man should face such hard-
ships and risks for a mere living. The same
energy, courage and intelligence might make him
rich in business.

It is true that no man gets rich on a Mountie's
salary and there is no graft; but danger and
hardships attract the very type of man the orga-
nization wants. One of my friends on the force
was a German Count, with so much money that
he never bothered to go into business, yet the



Mr. George Roberts in the Winter Uniform
of the Canadian Mounted Police.

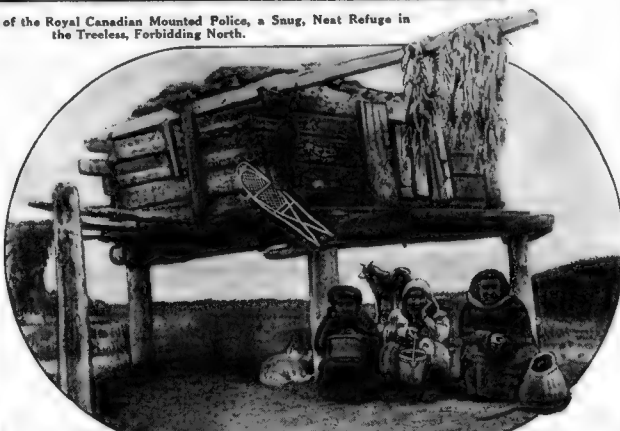
itch for adventure made him join us. He got
what he was looking for. Another man joined
because a crook had run away with his girl and
caused her death. For years he relentlessly ran
to earth criminal after criminal, hoping one of
them would prove to be the man that had ruined
his happiness, but Fate never set him on that
particular rascal's trail. In a vigorous young
man, there is a natural urge to do the difficult
and perilous, and don't forget the matter of pride.
Everybody in Canada knows that uniform means
that the person inside is something of a man.

In my first adventure I did get my man, but I
had to have the help of an older, more experi-
enced member, and before I got the bird he got
me good and plenty. When I looked him, I had
a lump on my head the size of a hen's egg. He
had a lump, in almost the same place, the size of
a goose egg. It would hardly have fitted the
prestige of the R. N. W. M. P. if my lump had
been bigger than my prisoner's.

I was seventeen when I set sail from England
for Canada to try my luck, and from the moment
of landing I discovered that work was not so easy
to get as I had imagined. I turned my hand to



Lake Harbor Post of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, a Snug, Neat Refuge in
the Treeless, Forbidding North.



Women Sitting Under a Winter Provision Storehouse of the Tribe. The Eskimo Seems
Fairly Contented, and Yet It Is Difficult to See That He Has Much to Be Thankful For.

anything and everything. I was a well-built,
hefty lad. I traveled all over the American
continent pretty well, but was in Toronto's "speeling"
at an amusement park there when I first got the
hunch to join the "Mounties." "Spelling" is
standing outside the show booths using one's
powers of persuasion to get people into the vari-
ous side shows.

I saw an advertisement in a local paper ask-
ing for recruits for the R. N. W. M. P. Off I
went to the recruiting office, where I was put
through it by a traveling inspector. The next
morning the doctor saw us, and I got through all
right with several others. Four days after our
train pulled out of Toronto we landed in Regina,
known as "The Gate of the Golden West." An-
other doctor's examination, and I was posted to
No. 6 Squad for foot drill and use of rifle, and
No. 3 Squad for riding practice.

They teach you to shoot straight, ride hard
and all sorts of water and wood craft, but there
remains a lot that has to be learned from the men
we hunt. My first jaunt was out to Indian Head,
where it was my duty to patrol various farms and
ranches, and find out whether there were any
complaints as to cattle thieving, or undesirable
characters roaming around. The farmers always
gave you a good time, food and a night's rest
being offered in the majority of cases.

It was on one of these patrols that I got my
first "case." I was on foot at the time, taking a
short stroll before turning in for the night after
a hard day's riding. I had reached a rather
lonely spot when I saw a large, dark form loom
up for an instant in some bushes near the trail,
and then drop out of sight. It was a rather queer
thing and anything queer should always be in-
vestigated.

I was not looking for anyone and no offense
had been reported in that neighborhood. As men
do not attack without a reason, I advanced to the
bushes with no expectation of anything worse
than that the fellow would run away. But this
gentleman was to teach me that a guilty con-
science needs no accuser. From the outside I
could not see into the bushes, so I got down on
my knees and crawled in. There crouched a
half-breed who neither spoke nor moved when I
asked what he was doing.

But when I touched him he leaped to his feet
with an unearthly howl. I leaped, too, but not
quite quickly enough for he feigned my shin a
kick with his heavy hob-nailed boot that sent me
to the ground. Before I could pull my gun he
hit me on the head with a piece of wood, sending
me to sleep for about two hours.

When I came to I was nauseated, weak and
dizzy, with nothing to trace my assailant by ex-
cept a vivid recollection of his unattractive
countenance. Vowing that I would get that par-

ticular man if I never got another, I tottered back
to the trail. Presently I heard the sound of hoof-
beats and pulled my gun wondering who would
be riding the plains so late at night. To my joy
it was my sleeping mate Paddy Day, an experi-
enced man. Paddy listened to my sad story and
said:

"That divvie has done something, somewhere,
and he thought you must know about it and be
after him. It's a fine, strong skull you've got or
he'd have killed you. Maybe it'll teach you to
crawl into a place gun first the next time. Get
up behind and maybe I can show you your
friend."

Paddy had a feeling that the man would be at
the only dance hall in the vicinity and he was
right. Peeping in I saw the half-breed, half full
of liquor and evidently terrorizing the others in
the place. There was my man, the question was
how to get him. If I rushed in with gun drawn,
he, too, might be armed and it would not do to
shoot it out with him in that crowd. We used a
little strategy. Suddenly throwing open the door,
I shouted:

"What's all this!"
Everybody turned around including the half-
breed who recognized me and my uniform, as I
expected. Also I was not surprised when he let
out another of those yells. Pulling a knife out of
his boot, he made at me with an energy worthy
of a better cause, as they say, and I retreated
through the door and jerked out my gun. It
wasn't necessary. As the half-breed followed
me his howl ended, he dropped the knife and
went to sleep in the snow, just as I had done and
for the same reason. Paddy had neatly tapped
him with a stick of soft pine, not too soft to raise
a bigger and better lump than I bore.

The half-breed got six months for his bad
manners which would have been all, since we had
nothing else on him. But, in prison he foolishly
told everyone that when he was released he was
going to cut my liver out. It was some time
later, while I was puzzling over who had stolen
some horses and where they had been taken, that
someone repeated those unkind words to me.
They put an idea in my head. Those horses had
been stolen the night before that fellow hit me.
Just for that I returned to the neighborhood, and,
sure enough, traced the horses from there, and
when the half-breed was released, I awaited him
at the prison gate and got him sent up for two
years more for horse-stealing.

"That'll quiet him, no end," said Paddy. And
it did. I never heard from him again.

These were quite ordinary, every-day occur-
rences in the life of a Mountie and happened
where the Winters are not too severe for comfort
and there are doctors, dentists, telephones and
supplies within reach. But further North, where

Mounted Police

Wilderness of the Frozen North, Fearless Body of Picked Men Face Death and "the Mountie Who Gets His Man"

Arctic night and cold settle down like a besieging army, worse problems than fighting desperate criminals are sometimes forced on the mountie. These are the things that shake his nerve, for he is not prepared for them.

My second winter I was stationed at a lonely post on a little inlet of the western shore of Hudson Bay. We had a sergeant, a corporal, myself and one other. The only other human beings were a missionary-priest, a fur trader and his wife. That was all except Eskimo dogs, snow, darkness, most of the time, and pitiless cold.

Our principal job was to keep from going crazy and to hope nobody else would. The Arctic winter drives lots of people mad and they are difficult and unpleasant prisoners. It is never the thing you worry about that happens, so nobody went looney that winter, but something worse occurred. We had the duty thrust on us of amputating a woman's leg, without the aid of a doctor, surgical instruments or even an anesthetic—nothing to help us but an ancient, obsolete book in anatomy.

One morning I was just starting off on a patrol when I saw the Eskimo dogs which were kept there for the sledges apparently worrying a bundle lying on the ground. They were snarling and snapping, and this was so unusual that I thought it best to go over and see what was the matter.

I found the bundle to be the form of the trader's wife, feebly battling with the dogs. Blood spots in the snow revealed at a glance that she was seriously injured. Firing my gun in the air, I rushed in and quickly drove the animals away. The shot brought others to help me carry the moaning woman to the store.

In spite of her suffering she explained that it was not entirely the fault of the dogs. She had been feeding them and one had bitten her hand by accident. That accident, however, drew blood and brought the wolfish nature of the Eskimo dog to the surface. To the wolf anything that bleeds, even one of their own pack, is to be attacked. They had turned on her and so mangled one leg that it required no surgeon to know that unless it was amputated she would soon bleed to death.

The sergeant and the priest agreed on this. We all looked at each other and at the face of the woman who seemed to be unconscious.

"We can't do that!" protested the trader in a hysterical voice. "Nobody knows how. We'll have to send for the doctor."

Then the woman spoke faintly, without opening her eyes.

"He is 400 miles away. I'd be dead before he got a quarter of the distance. Do your best, set on with the operation. I'll stand it—but let me yell."

What followed was a nightmare, one of those

hastily things so all-wrong that you can't believe it is real. I boiled plenty of water to sterilize the knives, saws and other tools which were to serve as instruments. Half a dozen pairs of pliers were selected and bored with the red. These were to act as clamps on the ends of severed blood vessels, until they could be tied off with common cotton thread.

While these preparations were going on, the priest and sergeant were studying a battered old medical book which the trader found among his stock. With this before them they went to work. The sergeant and priest performed the actual surgery, the corporal acted as the sterile nurse while the rest of us were what the hospitals call "dirty nurses," that is, we handled the unsterilized things.

The patient, with nails and leather, had been securely strapped down to the wooden top of the trader's counter, which was the operating table. At this did not stop her heart-rending shrieks or the involuntary twitching of the leg muscles.

When it had been a tough job for a real surgeon. I pined her more than I could tell you and noticed those two white-faced men who struggled with fumbling and groping to do their best.

All the time I had to keep an eye on the woman's husband who was on the edge of madness and likely at any moment to interfere. Suddenly and fortunately the shrieks ceased and the

stunned body relaxed.

"You've killed her!" cried the trader. I

turned and measured the distance to the point of his chin. There was no time for argument. It could be necessary as quickly as possible to amputate him with his arms around a post until the operation was over.

"Keep quiet!" commanded the sergeant. "She

is only fainted."

"Yes, God's anesthetic," said the priest, and

worked on unnoticed. Finally the dread-

ful business was done. They had amputated the

leg, stopped the flow of blood which surely

could have caused death in an hour or two and

lived for two days. She died telling her hus-

band not to feel badly, that he had been very good to her and made her happy.

"Happy," just think of that, happy, living in that dreary wilderness. There is no understanding women. In the cities where they have every luxury that wealth can bring, they dash madly about, in search of pleasure, divorce their husbands, feel abused and look wretchedly unhappy. They take everything and give nothing. Yet I've seen plenty of cases, like that trader's wife, where one would go contentedly without everything that most women demand and endure the utmost in hardships, just to be with their man. Also let me say that I think these were the happy ones. As far as I can make it out a woman's happiness is mostly in her own mind.

To study the Eskimo is worth all the trouble it takes to get to the "roof of the world." He is certainly queerer than anything to be seen at a zoo, and yet he is human. One reads and hears a lot about sex-appeal, but no such things exist among the Eskimos. It is not in their vocabulary, and nobody can explain it to them.

The Eskimo respects the Mountie as a very superior person, representing the white man's law, and, therefore, he reasons that the policeman must have an equally superior wife, especially as he can only have one at a time. Sometimes they ask one of us if our wife is the best cook and clothesmaker in our town. It is advisable to say yes, and that she is also the biggest, strongest and healthiest, otherwise they are puzzled and pester us with questions.

One man, who insisted on being truthful, admitted that his spouse was only fair on household accomplishments, and then had to explain why he had been so foolish as to marry her. The white man pondered a while and then said that she had first attracted him by her pretty eyes and ankles.

The little copper-skinned men agreed that thick, strong ankles and good eyes, able to see all winter by a blubber lamp in an igloo, were desirable, but their color or shape were things that seemed to them of no interest at all. Eskimo girls have no idea of vamping their future husbands, and it could not be done if they tried. Being a wife is a job with no romance in it whatever. The way to get that job is to be competent with all the work a lazy husband can pass over to her, and she doesn't care how lazy he is on other things if he is a good hunter. Girls, as they grow up, are watched by the men, and domestic talents carefully noted. Not only the pro-

posing, but the actual choosing is done by the men, and sometimes it is a pretty rough proceeding.

In a white man's country, if I looked into a dance hall and saw half a dozen men violently pulling a girl this way and that by her clothes, I would interfere. The girl wouldn't have any clothes if I didn't, and, anyhow, it is no way to treat a lady. Among the Eskimos I have watched such a scuffle many times, and let it go to the finish. In the first place, the girl is not a lady, and she does not want any help. Also her clothes are made of furs, stoutly sewed by her own skilful fingers, and will stand the strain, and so will she.

What has happened is that some man, at the dance, has decided that he can use one more wife profitably, and that this particular maiden will do. Having so informed her, he starts leading her out. But several other men have had the same idea in the back of their heads, and now that one has made the move suddenly decide they want her, too. According to custom, the one who can pull her out of the dance hall has the right to her. It looked to me as if, in these scuffles, the girl often threw her weight in favor of the winner, but she isn't supposed to.

There is no wedding ceremony. The bridegroom, after making a financial settlement with her father, just takes her to his own home, and, in a few well chosen grunts, notifies the other wives that here is a new one. They don't mind. There may be a little less to eat, but there certainly will be that much less work, and a meeting is held to transfer as much as possible of it to the new pair of hands.

The matrimonial situation is temporary and a matter of business and convenience. Wives come and go with prosperity. If a husband has a poor season because game is scarce or he is slowed up by rheumatism, his more prosperous brother or cousin will be urgently invited to take a few wives off his hands for a while. In order to be fair he will probably turn over half good ones and half not so good. More than likely some will be handed back to him next season or an equal number of others. It is almost like a form of taxation, but, of course, the wives are useful to him, when there is plenty to eat.

With the Eskimo Love and Romance Are Unknown. There Is No Wedding Ceremony. The Bridegroom, After a Few Well Chosen Grunts, Picks His Bride and Leads Her Home to Join His Other Wives—If He Is Prosperous Enough to Have Others. Thus It Happens That the Determination to Take on Another Wife Suddenly Stirrs an Eskimo in Some Public Place Like a Dance Hall, and His Decision Is Sometimes Interfered With by Other Eskimos Who Have Also Had an Eye on the Same Girl and Resist the Unromantic Romeo, While the Girl, With Perfect Good Nature, Becomes the Centre of the Scuffle and Cares Little Which Man Wins.

It really is more than one wife's job to take care of an able-bodied Eskimo hunter. In times of plenty he is capable of eating ten pounds of flesh per day, in addition to other food. In order to consume such prodigious quantities without trouble, the Eskimo has to concentrate entirely on chewing and digesting. Therefore, it is quite common for one to lie flat on his back for hours, with eyes closed and a dreamy expression on his fat face, while one of his wives cuts off bits of meat, blubber or other delicacies, dropping them into his mouth as often as he opens it for more.

This does not indicate any immoderate wife love, but merely that Eskimo wives think it good policy to stuff the man of the igloo to the bursting point, on the theory that thus he stores up reserves of energy and heat, with which to hunt and fish in the Arctic cold. She knows that if he fails they will all go hungry.

Usually when the Mountie reaches the scene of a crime he can count on picking up clues from the inhabitants. The more sparsely settled the district the more accurately and carefully the natives observe and remember everyone's actions and motives. If a stranger passes through, his moves, even to just when and where he threw a cigarette away, remain photographed on their memories for years. Knowing this, the two men who were sent to investigate the murder of Ambrose Jaboyer on Christmas Eve, in 1927, one of Canada's famous "snow murders," were puzzled and baffled to get not a crumb of information from anyone in the little French-Canadian settlement of St. Laurent, sixty miles from Winnipeg.

By sheer intuition their suspicions fastened upon a tall, lanky trapper, named Jim Desjarlais, a widower with four children. But, try as they would, not a single "habitant," as the natives of these settlements are called, could be induced to say more than that Jim was a trapper and always went to church. Finally they had to give up, with a queer feeling that all those honest habitants yearned to tell them something and dreaded the departure of the two officers of the law. Later developments proved that Desjarlais was guilty and that the dearest wish even of his

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*If Every
Man, Woman
and Child in the
World Held a Lighted
Candle in His Hand,
the Combined Light
Would Still Be 10 Per
Cent Less Brilliant
Than the New Lindbergh
Aerial Lighthouse*

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Don Lorenzo's Bride

The Thrilling Story of a Love That Swept All Barriers Away

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

WHEN Don Lorenzo first saw Isabel, he was struck by her beauty and the way she looked at him. He was a man of many parts, a man who had seen many things, but he had never seen a woman like Isabel. She was a girl of many parts, a girl who had seen many things, but she had never seen a man like Lorenzo. They were both of them, a man and a woman, who had seen many things, but they had never seen each other. They were both of them, a man and a woman, who had seen many things, but they had never seen each other. They were both of them, a man and a woman, who had seen many things, but they had never seen each other.

CHAPTER VII.

On Duplex.



ITTING placidly on the arm of a chair, Don Lorenzo ignored Isabel's protests, until at last she decided to try on the new rather as he wished.

Because of the maid, she tried to assume an air of unconcern as she began to change, but inwardly she was burning with shame and resentment, and she was acutely conscious of Lorenzo's silent and ardent gaze.

She felt that she could not possibly have endured the situation but for the fact that the maid did not appear to consider it in the least unusual. Almost it seemed as if Lorenzo was able to read what was passing through her mind for he laughed softly.

"The maid, being French, would probably be vastly amused at the idea of madame feeling any embarrassment because her



"Look, Lorenzo! In that upper box—the second one on the right of the stage!" Gaspé Isabel excitedly.

husband is present," he remarked, with a suspicion of a chuckle. "I shall never tire of admiring and adoring the sweetness, grace, the shapeliness and beauty of you, Isabel, and you are de-

lighting my heart. I like the rose-pink ensemble."

"That charming, naïve, nest-egg past!" asked the maid, with a cooing glance at him as she stepped back from Isabel.

"Parfait!" Lorenzo agreed, and further embarrassed Isabel by clapping his hands appreciatively. "Regard yourself in the glass, Isabel, and see how bewitchingly beautiful you look! Ah! And now you have supplied the blush to match the dress."

"It is you who have supplied the cause of the blush by making me feel ashamed," Isabel responded, without moving a glance.

"You blush delightfully, darling," he countered, "and blushing seems almost to be a lost art. The pearls will look well with that frock. Try the effect."

He sprang up from the armchair on which he had been lounging, opened a jewel case and produced the string of pearls, which he hung round Isabel's neck.

"Parfait! Perfect!" he exclaimed, stepping back to regard Isabel with critical admiration, much as the maid had done.

"Qui, oui, maitre!" cried Isabel, as she studied her reflection in the long mirror, could not help agreeing with them, and the realization that she was looking beautiful helped in a measure to allay her sensations of shame and resentment.

Yet she still had the feeling that she was but a slave-girl and Don Lorenzo's "latest plaything." Time he seemed to admire her and displayed for his inspection, and was lavish with his compliment-compliments, since he chose everything," reflected Isabel.

Probably he has seen the same things to other women many times before. Perhaps you will decide which frock you wish me to wear this evening," she said aloud. "I am tired of playing the part of mannequin for your amusement."

"Ten thousand apologies, Isabel mine!" exclaimed Lorenzo, looking at once surprised and contrite. "It had not occurred to me that you might still be tired, and I thought every beautiful woman enjoyed trying on beautiful gowns and making herself still more beautiful and enchanting in the eyes of her lover."

"Perhaps I am different from the others, or less willing to sell myself," Isabel responded, and was almost glad to see by his expression that her retort had not stung him. "Which frock does my owner and master ordain that his slave and latest plaything shall wear?"

Chagrin and anger were mingled in the expression that flashed into Don Lorenzo's blue eyes, then he laughed. "I think I should like to see you in that evening frock you tried on at the matinee," he said, with studied calm—almost indifference—after a momentary pause. "I mean the one of some shimmering green stuff that looks as if it came from heaven and became entangled in the material—the one which the emeralds will still further beautify. Yes, that one."

He did not appear to be paying any attention nor taking any interest as Isabel put on the shimmering green frock, and although she had previously been embarrassed by his interest and admiring gaze, she found herself now piqued by his apparent indifference.

He lit a cigarette, rose from the chair in which he had been sitting, strolled across to the dressing table, and appeared to be interested in the emerald necklace and bracelet.

"Yes, these should go well with the frock," he said, as if to himself. "We will try the effect."

Yes, you look splendid," he added, turning around and regarding Isabel critically, his head on one side. "That, I think, is the most charming gown of all, and I must be glad if you will wear it tonight. Allow me to clasp the necklace and the bracelet on your shapely arm."

Voilà! The tout ensemble is perfect!" "Parfait! Charmant!" agreed the maid, who had seemed thoroughly to enjoy the whole proceeding, and was as enthusiastic about the gown as if she were a saleswoman.

"I am glad you approve, and doubly glad the ordeal is over," said Isabel listlessly, asking him to "May I have a little while alone now, please?"

"Why, certainly, Isabel!" exclaimed Lorenzo, looking puzzled and troubled. "You are a strange creature, beloved, and I am at a loss to know wherein I have offended you. If it is an offense to admire and adore the beauty of you, then I shall be offending all the time."

"I did not say that I was offended, Lorenzo, and I suppose I should be grateful to you, but—oh, surely, you can understand how difficult it is for me to reconcile myself to the thought of—"

She broke off, spreading out her hands expressively, and did not complete the sentence.

"You may go, Marie," she

added in altered tones, turning to the maid. "I wish to rest for a little before dinner, but will ring for you if I require anything."

"One moment, Marie," said Lorenzo. "Here is a little paper-bore for the attention you have given to madam."

"Marie, Marie!" exclaimed the girl, her eyes lighting up as she took the 100-franc note. "Remerciment, Remerciment, madame!"

She bowed herself out of the room and as the door closed Isabel looked up to meet Lorenzo's half-smiling, half-snapping glance.

"Money can buy almost anything, I suppose," he remarked quietly.

"Anything—except the love of a woman to whom wealth makes no appeal," replied Lorenzo, "and it is only the love that money cannot buy which appeals to me. I trust I shall find you true to me after I have

been so lavishly generous."

All the frocks and jewels in the world won't make me feel I can give him the love he wants," she whispered; and the devoted daughter of Eve, she rose to study her reflection critically, and not without pleasure, for she recognized that she was looking more beautiful than ever before.

She found it difficult to realize that the beautifully-groomed, bejeweled woman of fashion regarding her from the mirror was actually Isabel Marriot, the convent-bred, unsophisticated girl who had never before worn a colored frock until after her marriage to Noel Berkeley.

If she as Cinderella must have done after the fairy godmother had waved her magic wand, she soliloquized Isabel. "And if it were not for Noel, and the thought of the price I may have to pay, I should be so proud and happy."

For a long time she stood regarding her reflection, toying absently with her string of pearls, thinking in a circle, as it were, and at last lunged herself down in armchair after her.

"What does it matter now that becomes of you?" she whispered. "What does anything matter? You are hopelessly compromised, and no one in the world would believe that you are not already Don Lorenzo's mistress."

There were no more things for her to accustom herself to the thought that you are his, body and soul, bought and paid for! And I hate the thought and despise myself."

Her reverie was interrupted by the reappearance of Don Lorenzo, looking handsome and distinguished in full evening dress, his patrician nose up to his crinkled golden hair to his manicured finger-tips and the toes of his patent leather shoes.

"Feeling better now, I hope, my Isabel?" he said, seating himself on the arm of Isabel's chair and bending to imprint a kiss on her bare shoulder.

"What would you like to do this evening after dinner? Dance, go to the opera or a theatre, or spend the evening here, loving and being loved?"

"A theatre, I think," answered Isabel, with assumed unconcern. "As you wish," said Lorenzo, rising to his feet. "I will go and look seats while you complete your toilet, and will await you in the lounge."

He strolled from the room without looking at Isabel again, and she found herself hating him for looking so casual, although a minute or two previously she had been afraid when he kissed her shoulder that he would again make love to her.

"If he expects me to lay myself out to charm and fascinate him, he is going to be disappointed," she thought, and clenched her hands and stamped her feet in unexpressed indignation.

And then she rang for the maid and was as meticulously careful about the finishing touches to her toilette as any expensive film star. The mirror, and the maid, as last night, told her that she was looking her best, and the knowledge that she would bear comparison with the most famous woman gave her a feeling of confidence in herself as the maid helped her into the magnificent sable coat. Lorenzo had bought for her in London, and she went down to the hotel lounge, filled with fashionable people in evening dress, chatting, flirting and criticizing as they sipped their cocktails.

Although she was conscious of the fact that she was the cynosure of all eyes, Isabel felt none of the embarrassment and self-consciousness she had experienced earlier in the day. As far as she

(Continued on Page 16)

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POST TOASTIES

The Wake-up Food



(Continued from Page 14)

CHAPTER VIII.

He took her seat in the box and saw that there was a medium scene being played on the stage. The character, being a man in a fine dress and a woman in a fine nightgown, left very little to the imagination. The cross-talk of the couple was amusing sniggers and enflaws on the sophisticated audience. The character, might as well have been talking Greek for all the under-stand-

"Very naughty," exclaimed Mrs. Brown, as the scene was suddenly blacked out. "Shocking!"

Not being a psychologist or a thought-reader, my dear Isabel, I cannot answer the question definitely, but I fancy Berkeley was probably thankful to see that you did obeyed his bidding and that

He changed the subject abruptly, and did not again mention Berkeley nor the Folies Bergère. Nevertheless, Isabel was filled with apprehension, although she did her best to appear at ease.

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yourself too well, if you will
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"Reach for a Lucky instead of a cigarette. Avoiding over-indulgence, main-

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